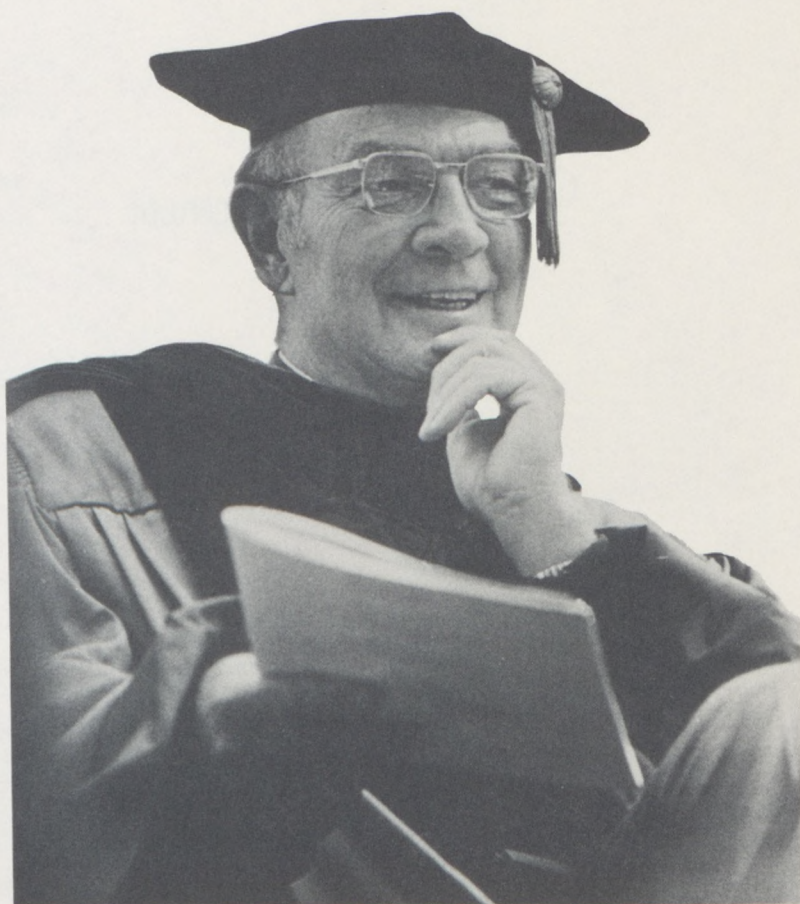




Rhapsodic Reminiscences



Rhapsodic Reminiscences

A Personal Memoir

HOWARD L. RUBENDALL

The Dickinson College
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

1988

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TO Carol, whose wholehearted devotion to what we have been doing together for over fifty years, has made these reminiscences a story that I wanted to tell. Without the part she played the story would be very dull and I would not have been able to use the word "rhapsodic" in the title.

TO Linda and Suzanne, our daughters, women full of grace and charm. In our lives they have been and continue to be blessings.

TO friends, colleagues and students who accepted my leadership in professional matters; who taught me more than they will ever know or that I can ever acknowledge; who at many critical times lifted up my arms.

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Foreword

IT IS AN HONOR to present, on behalf of the Dickinson College Friends of the Library, this book of "Reminiscences" by Howard L. Rubendall. In the course of his "Rhapsody", Dr. Rubendall offers fascinating glimpses into his life in education, and submits, as he says, "one insight into the periods when I served." But this insight is a very special one, since it is written from the unique perspective of a Pennsylvania school administrator, world traveller, and Dickinson College alumnus and President.

For those who were not a part of Dickinson during the "Rubendall years"—which included his student days prior to graduation in the class of 1931 as well as his presidency from 1961 to 1975—this book offers an opportunity to learn firsthand not only the history, but also the personal feeling of those times: the atmosphere of ideas, and often idealism, that helped to shape the image of Dickinson today. For the students, professors, administrators and trustees whose Dickinson experience coincided with that of the author, this book provides a rare chance to relive those times through the eyes of one of the most involved "campus characters"—Bud Rubendall. For those who remember in particular the period of student activism in the 1960s, Rubendall (who was both student and administrator, both "town" and "gown") presents an engaging re-introduction to the people and events that shaped the

direction of Dickinson at a most important time in its history. All of this history—institutional and yet highly personal—is recounted for us with the delightful combination of intelligence, insight, and humor that made Bud Rubendall so esteemed. Above all his words recall for those who knew him and reveal to those who did not his enormous dedication to education and his love for the institutions for which he worked.

This dedication, to education and to Dickinson, is aptly commemorated by the publication of *Rhapsodic Reminiscences*, made possible by the generosity of friends, with the proceeds to be donated to the Dickinson College Friends of the Library. In a manner appropriate to the eighteenth-century origins of the college, we name these friends our "Subscribers", and list them, again in proper eighteenth-century fashion, at the end of this volume. The Friends, founded during Dr. Rubendall's tenure as President of the College, is grateful for their support, and shares in their appreciation of the many contributions to this institution by Dr. Howard L. Rubendall.

SHARON L. HIRSH

Chair, Friends of the Library

Preface

THIS WRITING is a recalling of events and personalities over a lifetime in education and the church. These recollections will reflect from time to time one philosophy of education, that of the writer, but not in a systematic manner. This life has been spent in the hopeful, joyous work of nurturing young people through high school and college years.

There will be an attempt to express gratitude to many individuals: family, friends, students, faculty, parents, trustees and alumni, without whose encouragement and support the life of the Rubendalls would be poorer indeed, if not barren. Sometimes, in the expression of gratitude I will be able to do no more than mention a name and there will be names forgotten. But this act of merely mentioning a name (or omitting one!) does not lessen our overwhelming feeling of thanks to all.

This writing is a more lengthy personal piece than anything I have ever attempted before. In the main, except where obvious references are given, the writing is from memory.

Over the years since our retirement in 1975 a number of people have encouraged me to do something like this. I am especially indebted to our daughter, Linda, who sent me a tape recorder on a recent birthday with the message: "Get going!"

As I write I will have in mind our family and close friends who should have a chance to read this piece. Also, I hope copies will

be placed in the archives of Dickinson College and Northfield Mount Hermon School to be used as references when future historians of those institutions want to have one insight into the periods when I served in those institutions.

A rich harvest indeed is being gathered by the Rubendalls in their retirement years. In recounting these reminiscences I will use personal anecdotes as much as possible and tell of the part so many individuals played in our lives. This writing will be an exercise in "Bringing in the Sheaves."

On Being Elected President of Dickinson College

HERE IS THE STORY of the beginning of our Dickinson venture. During my early years in education I had never thought seriously about a college presidency, although members of search committees of several small colleges had made initial approaches. I always "bowed out" immediately for I was not interested. I loved the work I was in. One day in the fall of 1958 I heard from an old and respected friend whom I had met in my undergraduate days, Boyd Lee Spahr of the class of 1900. Spahr at this time was president of the Board of Trustees of Dickinson College. He asked to meet with me at Northfield on his way south from his summer home in Northeast Harbor, Maine. I was then president of the Northfield Schools, now known as Northfield Mount Hermon School. He wanted to talk with me about the presidency of my alma mater. Of course, I agreed to meet with him.

Spahr was seventy-nine years old at the time. He had been a trustee of the college since 1908 and had become president of the Board in 1931. Now, twenty-seven years later he was looking for a new president for Dickinson College. This remarkable man eventually gave leadership and love to his alma mater for more than seventy years.

I am sure that much has been written in the annals of the college about Boyd Lee Spahr. However, I am compelled at this juncture in this rhapsody to recount a few things about him. Spahr graduated in 1900, Phi Beta Kappa. He was a member of the social fraternity of Phi Kappa Sigma, the fraternity I joined at the beginning of my college years. Though he became one of Philadelphia's outstanding lawyers and a leading citizen, Dickinson, beyond his family, was the great love of his life. Over all those years he devoted uncounted hours in a leadership role in the affairs of the college. When he wasn't on the campus, he would phone often and write letters. If there were not an immediate response to a letter, he might phone and ask if you were ill! One always responded to Boyd immediately.

One indication of the priority he gave to college affairs came at the time Boyd, Jr. spoke to his father about the date he and his bride-to-be had chosen for their wedding. Boyd, Sr. said the date was impossible. It was the date of the June meeting of the Board of Trustees at Dickinson! Boyd, Jr. and his intended selected another day.

Spahr read everything published on the campus, including the *Dickinsonian*. His critical eye often drove him to the phone or to writing a letter. One time, during my early years at the college, he called me about an editorial in the campus paper which had raised his ire. After some discussion he said, "I must try to understand. I must remember that when I was a student I was editor of the *Dickinsonian*."

Our relationship up to the time of the death of this great leader at the age of ninety was a good and dear one to me. I always felt he had confidence in me as president of the college. For me, it was a saddening experience when he relinquished the Board presidency even though it was time for him to do so. I tried to have him come back to the college as often as he could. I felt it was important for him, as it was for me, to have him return to his great love. As usual, he stayed with us in what he called the President's Mansion. Twice Carol and I visited him at the Spahr summer home in

Northeast Harbor. On one of those occasions he had me as a guest speaker at his club, the Pot and Kettle, while Mrs. Spahr took Carol by boat to a lobster picnic on a nearby island.

I was delighted that the superb college library which bears his name was completed before his death and that he could participate in the dedication ceremony. He was, of course, a large contributor to the funds for the new library and over the years a steady contributor to the library holdings. There is a plaque near the entrance to the library that tells the story of Boyd Lee Spahr. It reads:

This Building Stands
As a Monument to
The Devotion and Leadership
Of More Than Seventy Years,
Constant, Strong and Wise

This is a concise statement describing the man who meant so much to Dickinson. The one word that could be added is "Love."

I was ready to meet with Spahr at the Northfield Inn in the fall of 1958 and to hear his story of the need for a new leadership at the college with the imminent retirement of President Edel. Our work at Northfield was going well. But I was finding that the work as head of two schools did not give either Carol or me the intense satisfaction we had found for years in being close to faculty and students at Mount Hermon. In welcoming a meeting with Spahr I felt that Dickinson might offer to us the intimate association with an educational community that had meant so much to us. I had tried, during the first few years of my Northfield presidency to serve two offices, those of president of the schools and headmaster of Mount Hermon. It wasn't working. I was neglecting Mount Hermon. I could see a first-rate school beginning to suffer. We brought in a new headmaster to take my place at Mount Hermon.

At the meeting with Spahr in 1958 I told him of my interest after I had heard his story. There began then a process for the selection of a college president that probably does not have a parallel in the recent history of American higher education. What

transpired was a mixture of Spahr's style in handling college affairs and my lack of knowledge of the steps that are usually taken in the selection of a president. There was a trustee selection committee of which Spahr was chairman. I met once with the committee in the old Penn Harris Hotel in Harrisburg. Spahr wasn't in attendance. Sometime later I met with Spahr and trustees Woodside and Wallace at the Century Club in New York. Spahr and I were Centurians.

Spahr and I had a good number of exchanges of letters concerning the presidency. At one point I wrote saying that my name should be withdrawn from consideration, citing a number of reasons, among them the fact that I was not a Methodist minister. I was still under the impression that the presidency of Dickinson had to be filled by a Methodist clergyman or at least a member of the Methodist church. I told Spahr that I was not about to give up my affiliation with the Presbyterian Church. Furthermore, I re-emphasized the fact that I did not have scholarly credentials and that my administrative experience in education had been entirely at the secondary level.

I must pause in this account to inject a remark of a friend from my childhood in Millersburg, now Dr. Wendell Burger, who was head of the Biology Department at Trinity College. I was at the Trinity commencement in 1957 to receive an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters. Wendell was my host for that affair. At one point, seeking for a compliment (I am not averse to such fishing!), I asked Wendell what an L.H.D. meant in academe. He responded, "It means, Bud, that you are not a scholar, that you are not wealthy, but you are a nice guy."

Spahr responded to my letter asking that my name be withdrawn with a long epistle persuasively refuting my points. I recall that on the matter of not being a Methodist clergyman Spahr wrote that the charter of the college would allow the Board to elect a Mohammedan if it so wished! Eventually, I wrote to Spahr telling him that Carol and I would be pleased to come to Dickinson, but that I had about two more years of work at Northfield that I

wished to complete. I would then be ready to come back to my alma mater.

Unbeknownst to me, Spahr presented my name to the Board of Trustees at the December 11, 1959, meeting. I was elected to the office effective July 1, 1961. Gilbert Malcolm, a faithful servant and administrator at the college for many years, was elected president to serve until I could come to Carlisle. I learned about my election that day from a startling phone call from J. Boyd Landis, an old friend and college classmate, who was at that time attorney for the college and attended Board meetings. I was puzzled by the call. We never communicated by phone. The only thing that rushed to my mind was that *The New York Times* that morning carried a picture and a story of our daughter Linda's engagement to be married. But that shouldn't have prompted a phone call from Landis. Immediately he broke the news to me. He had just come from the Board meeting and wanted me to know that I had been elected president of Dickinson College to take over office July 1, 1961. An hour or so later I had a most gracious call from Boyd Lee Spahr. I gladly accepted the presidency of my alma mater.

During the selection process I was never invited to visit the campus nor to meet with any faculty or students. I didn't know enough about the appropriateness of such things to ask. Even my contacts with the members of the Board were minimal. There were more than fifty (!) members of the Board at that time. I recalled a few from my student days, but had had no contact with them over the years. I learned later that members of the faculty had asked to be represented in the selection of a president. Spahr's response was characteristically terse: It couldn't be done. "It was not legal." The onus for the selection of a president, according to the charter, was solely that of the Board of Trustees. I look back now with amazement at the way things were done. Again, it was a mix of Spahr's style and Rubendall's naïveté. Spahr had his way and Rubendall "lucked out." Now it is apparent that from the beginning Spahr wanted Rubendall to be the president of Dickinson. The Board committee was not much more than a formality in his mind.

I recounted this story fourteen years later to John Oakes, then chief of the editorial page of *The New York Times*, who was on the campus for a lecture. This was during the time a committee of trustees, faculty and students was going through the steps of choosing my successor. Oakes remarked: "You were not elected, you were anointed."

In retrospect I see that though I was deficient in a number of qualifications that today are prerequisites for presidential candidates, I did have considerable experience in being responsible for a large educational institution, its financial and physical affairs, its personnel, and the articulation of its goals. At the same time I had gathered over the years (I was fifty-one when I went to Dickinson as president) the rudiments of a philosophy of education. Though I have never been a good articulator of this philosophy, I have been fortunate in being able to draw to the institutions for which I worked a fair number of teachers, scholars and administrators in whom I sensed the presence of this and who had the ability to put it into practice and to develop it in new and creative ways for the lives of students and the community.

In its simplest terms this philosophy calls for the creation of an educational environment that nurtures the growth of young men and women in their intellectual life, their moral strength leading to the moral self-discipline that becomes a free human being, their humaneness and in commitment to the service of others. Finally, the elements of this whole enterprise should work in concert to the greater glory of God.

We moved into the president's house, happily situated on a corner of the campus, during the latter part of June 1961. My term as president was to begin on July 1. Early in the morning on that day I took my first of many walks from the house to Old West where the president's office is located. The campus appeared deserted. I tried the door one would normally use going to the office. Locked. I tried several more doors. Locked. I had failed to ask for keys and no one had thought to provide me with them. There were a number of similar courtesies that, as I look back now, were ab-

sent during my first months at the college. I walked around the campus a bit and ran into Dr. Milton Eddy, Professor Emeritus of Biology, whom I knew from my student days. Dr. Eddy possessed several interesting talents. One was a unique ability at opening locked doors. He was at the same time a genius at opening the minds of students to the biological sciences. Dr. Eddy opened an Old West door for me and informed me that it was a holiday weekend and that none of the staff would be on campus. I wandered through Old West for a time savoring that Benjamin Latrobe architectural gem which had served the college for a hundred and fifty years. Then I returned to the president's house, an inauspicious first day on the job.

Early Days along the Susquehanna River

ON REFLECTION, I see that I was led to my interest in the education of young people by the influence of my early years with my family. My father, though he hadn't gone beyond the eighth grade in his formal education and had had to go to work in the coal mines at the age of twelve, held the education of youth in the highest regard. This was a dominant American theme in those days. It's a theme that is a bit confused now. In those days it was quite simple: If you finished high school and went on to college, you were well on your way to a successful life. My father devoted much time during his short life encouraging and helping young people get an education. My mother was a constant supporter of my father in his efforts.

The limited means of our family never retarded his educational goals for his children. Each of us worked during the summer and the school year to help. He saw his four children earn baccalaureate degrees. From my family I developed a respect for education and, most importantly, a concern for others. Though I have held these values in an earthen vessel, they have been with me all my life. Furthermore, I learned from my mother and father such a respect for the Christian faith that I was compelled to do something about it.

One of the most beneficial gifts bestowed on me by my family during my early years was the insistence that I have a summer job during vacations from school and college. If I couldn't find one myself, my father would find one for me. My first job at the age of thirteen was 9-5, six days a week in an electrician's shop. Over the years I worked in a shirt factory, power plant, road construction, truck driving, renovation of an old building, railroad, grocery store and greenhouse. I am sure there were others that I can't remember now. They were all menial jobs. The wages ranged from a dollar a day to thirty-five cents an hour. This job experience was of inestimable value to my growth, and I am indebted to my parents for it.

This story of early years must include some thoughts on my grandmother Rubendall. For some years up to high school days I spent summers in the rural area outside the small coal mining town of Williamstown about twenty-five miles east of Millersburg and the Susquehanna River. This must have been a relief to my family with the responsibility for the rearing of the younger members. Grandmother, a widow who cared for her son, my uncle and my father's brother who was badly crippled by birth defects, lived in a small, simple house. There was no indoor plumbing, and lighting was provided by kerosene lamps. My grandmother took good care of me. A Saturday bath in the kitchen in a wooden washtub with water heated on the nearby stove was routine. Every evening before going to bed I was required to wash my feet and my legs up to my knees. I had been barefoot all day. My companions during the day were mainly children of immigrant coal miners. I realized later that one of the most helpful things that happened to me during those early years was my grandmother's insistence that I spend some time reading each day. There wasn't much of a library in the house but there were some books. When one of my playmates would call me during that reading time, my grandmother, in her heavy Pennsylvania Dutch accent, would send the friend away saying, "Bud is with his books." This reading habit continued with me during the years but was often neglected

to my loss. However, I was pleased to have a comment from a young English teacher during my freshman year in college saying that I was the best read member of my class. That I doubt very much, but many thanks go to my untutored grandmother Rubendall for starting me reading and for many other gifts.

I will conclude this section on my parental family with this incident. My father, shortly before his death, visited us at Mount Hermon. (He died in his fifty-ninth year.) I had known that in his youth he had admired Dwight L. Moody. Moody died, as I remember, in 1899. Shortly thereafter his son Will and others came forth with a biography of Mr. Moody. There have been better biographies written since, but this was a first effort and it was sent around for sale where Moody had great followings. My father as a young man was involved in the sale of that early biography. When he visited us at Mount Hermon, I drove him around to see Moody's two schools. One thing he wanted to see was the auditorium where Moody had preached and made his appeals to the large audiences that gathered to hear this great evangelist. It was a thrill for my father to stand on the platform where Moody had stood to preach. I was deeply touched by this act that meant so much to my father.

High school was fun for me. I suppose I did reasonably well in my studies but not outstandingly. Much time was spent in sports. Under the leadership of Charles Herrold, a classmate, several of us started the school weekly newspaper, still going strong, I understand. I was president of a Hi-Y group, connected with the YMCA in Harrisburg. The Y representative from Harrisburg was a graduate of Mount Hermon and brought me a catalogue of the school. I was not interested in leaving the happy days of high school. Our class of 1927 was the largest to graduate from Millersburg High School up to that time. There were thirty-six of us—twenty-four girls and twelve boys. Several of us now see each other from time to time. There is Ross Gladden Miller, now a retired businessman living outside of Richmond, Virginia. There is Henry Franklin Hottenstein, son of our town doctor, a remarkable man who went

all over the countryside on his calls (by horse and sleigh in the winter). Henry, now retired, followed in his father's footsteps and had a distinguished career as a town and country doctor. Andrew Jackson Day, now retired, living in Michigan, was an outstanding orthopedic surgeon in Michigan. Jack went to Harvard and then to the University of Michigan medical school. I must write of a friend of the three of us, John Day Ulsh. He is now retired in Naples. John's father sent him to Staunton Military Academy. John pursued a business career most successfully in Millersburg and Harrisburg.

College Years
or
From the Susquehanna
to the Conodoguinet

AS I WAS CONCLUDING my senior year in high school I knew I wanted to go to college but I didn't know where nor did I have much guidance. Robert Woodside, a lifelong friend of my family and a Dickinson graduate then at the Dickinson School of Law, persuaded me to go to Dickinson. In those days it wasn't hard to get admitted to college and I enrolled at Dickinson. I will always be grateful to Judge Woodside, now a retired member of the State Judiciary after a distinguished career. Woodside kept an eye on me, at least until he finished law school. I joined his fraternity and had no bids from others, in part because I was considered a "legacy" for Phi Kappa Sigma because of the influence of my friend Woodside.

My college years were in the main full of enjoyment and not much achievement, at least academically, although I did reasonably well in grades my last two years due in great part to some superb teachers. Dickinson had a number of them in those days as it does today.

Campus activities captivated me. Here was a boy from a small rural town who thought Dickinson was just great. My first academic shock came at the examination period ending the first semester of my freshman year. In high school my grades were high enough for me to be excused from taking final examinations—a horrible practice which I am sure is not carried on today. I did not know how to prepare for or take exams! But slowly I learned.

Sometime in the second semester of my freshman year (I was president of the Class of 1931) there appeared two newspaper stories in the Harrisburg *Telegraph* telling of incidents that took place on the campus within a few weeks of each other. The first was headlined: *Dickinson Frosh Turn on Sophomores—Raw Beef Age Stages Comeback on Campus*. This was a memorable class scrap. The story is recounted sometimes by Samuel Witwer, one of the leaders of the sophomore class and one who took very seriously his responsibility for developing the character of the freshman class! The night of the news story we turned on the almost nightly taunts, dares and threats of the sophomores and charged out of our dormitory. We attacked the sophomores and quite a battle ensued. I will leave the gory details to Samuel Witwer, but our class was victorious.

The other news story had to do with the efforts on the part of the sophomores to keep the freshman president from attending the class dance held in the spring each year. This was a traditional sophomore challenge. The week before the party I was protected by classmates as I went from one campus appointment to another. Two days before the party my friends sequestered me in a house in Carlisle, brought me meals and stood guard over the hideaway. An hour or so before the party these classmates brought me my formal clothes so that I would be properly dressed for the evening. We pulled it off. I arrived at the party and the sophomores' game was over. At that time there appeared in the Harrisburg paper a story with the headline: *Head of Frosh Class Is Lost*. The story continued: "Sophs claim he won't be at big party tonight." Later in the story, which told of what the sophomores were going to do to

keep the freshman president from attending the party, there appeared the following: "The boast of the freshmen is that their president will be unharmed and will appear at the party with all the dignity of a president." Our boast bore fruit and we had a grand entrance.

Over my undergraduate years my life centered in the fraternity where I lived. This was true of the majority of students at the college in those days. I held several offices in the fraternity and participated heavily in its social life. I did participate in some all-college committees, supported and worked for the YMCA. I served as chairman of the All-College Social Committee, which was responsible for at least one all-college dance a year and an annual picnic at Boiling Springs, I believe. My senior year I was president of the Interfraternity Council made up of representatives from the eight national fraternities on the campus. There were two Jewish fraternities on the campus and a "local" called the Commons Club. These were not on the Interfraternity Council. I am happy that the years changed all that.

As I approached my senior year I learned of an opening for a minister at the Dauphin-Heckton charge of the Methodist Church. This two-point charge was usually filled by a Dickinson student. (The college in those days was considered a Methodist college even though the charter, as I wrote earlier, did not call for control by any denomination.) The "charge" was then being filled by a fraternity brother, William Vernon Middleton, who was coming to the end of his senior year. Middleton, later Bishop Middleton, served as a trustee of the college during my tenure as president until his death.

I applied and was given the charge, starting at the beginning of my senior year. The responsibilities included appearing Sunday morning at the little church in Heckton for Sunday School and then preaching at the church service which followed. Sunday dinner was taken with a parish family, usually a different family each week. After dinner I would drive on to Dauphin for an afternoon Sunday School service, then another meal with a parish family.

The church service at Dauphin was held at 7:30 P.M. I mentioned the meals because they were an important part of my compensation. (I gained quite a bit of weight that year!) The salary I received was ten dollars a Sunday. For transportation I had acquired a second-hand Model A runabout for fifty dollars.

In order to conduct the services and rites officially in a Methodist Church I had to appear before the Official Board of the Allison Methodist Church in Carlisle to stand for licensure. As I recall, the Official Board consisted mainly of members of the faculty of Dickinson including the president. The Board met in the president's house. That occasion was the second and last time I had been in the president's house during my student days. The first was during my junior year when I served as a pallbearer for the funeral of President Mervin Grant Filler, a highly admired and respected administrator and teacher of the classics.

Early in my senior year I had decided to attend Drew Seminary to study for the ministry. But later in the year, due in great part to my experience with the church that grew out of the relationships with the associations that were part of the Dauphin-Heckton church business, and in part due to my youthful, naïve idealism, I thought I had insights into the workings of the institutional church which disturbed me. This twenty-year-old central Pennsylvanian decided that seminary was not for him. I began to look around to find some other way to spend the years after my June 1931 commencement.

A fraternity brother of mine whom I admired very much, John McConnell of the Class of 1929, had gone to the American University at Cairo in Egypt as a "short term" teacher. I had heard from McConnell several times and the prospect of going abroad, especially to an alien culture, intrigued me. Herman Lum, the representative of the American University in the United States, came to see me in Carlisle. I signed up as a "short term" teacher in Cairo for three years. I had to promise not to marry during that time and was to receive second-class passage to Egypt and back, room, board, laundry and \$50.00 a month salary during those three

years. The appeal of Egypt was in great part a romantic one, of course. Also, it could be a time to get to know myself better and to grow up a bit. (It seems I spent a lot of time in college having fun.) At the same time I would be working for an institution that presented itself as having a Christian missionary approach to its constituency.

*The American University
at Cairo
or
"On Zee Banks of Zee Nile"*

I SAILED FROM HOBOKEN August 8, 1931, on the North German Lloyd ship, *The Europa*. I shared a third-class cabin (I had cashed in my second-class ticket) with a German engineering student returning home after a year's study in the States. Hitler was on the rise in Germany. Later, I heard from this engineer about the wonderful things Hitler would do for the German people. Also in the cabin with us was a rotund Italian returning to Italy after working in America for a few years and a German veteran of World War I, who was being brought home by the then German government to replace a jaw that had been shot off in the war. The young German and I gave the steward in our area a dollar for a key to the shower room so we could use it at times when the shower was normally locked. He and I would from time to time venture forth from our quarters in the bowels of the ship to savor some of the delights of those who were traveling second or first class. After a time, on these explorations we were usually spotted by a junior officer and were escorted back to third class. It was on one of these ventures to the upper decks that I met Sol Hurwitz,

a Dickinsonian who had just graduated from the Law School and was traveling to Europe with friends. Many years later, after I had returned to Dickinson, I found Sol Hurwitz and his charming wife Martha strong and helpful supporters of the college.

It was on this boat trip, under circumstances still a mystery to me, that my fraternity pin disappeared. There was some symbolism here for me. In my student days the college was, in fact, as Morgan describes Dickinson in his history, a "fraternity college." My college yearbook, as I remember, shows only five men who were not members of a fraternity: four commuters and one black town student. Most of my non-curricular activities were fraternity related. I enjoyed every minute of it. I learned much through the fraternity and have no regrets. But it was time that the fraternity-conditioned ambiance of college days was put behind me.

I had planned a rather extensive trip through Europe using the cash difference between my allotted second-class passage and the cost of third-class travel. Among the places I visited were Paris, Berlin, Heidelberg, Frankfurt, Munich, Dresden, Budapest, Vienna and Athens. There were boat trips on the Rhine and the Danube. I sailed from Athen's port of Piraeus to Alexandria, traveling "deck" on a Greek boat. Jack McConnell, who was to be my colleague and roommate in Cairo, met me at the port in Alexandria.

My three years in Cairo were an experience that was rich and colorful, exciting and challenging, especially to a twenty-one-year-old who had never before strayed far from central Pennsylvania. Cairo was a teeming city of well over a million people at that time with an incredible mixture of East and West, ancient and modern. The modern city arose amidst the hovels of the poor. Rolls Royces and Packards carrying wealthy landowners and Europeans shared the streets with burden-carrying camels and donkeys, small European cars, horse-drawn carriages, crowded streetcars and jammed buses. This was the busy city "on Zee Banks of Zee Nile" as our students sang in their college song.

Daily one saw on the streets of Cairo Europeans and Egyptians

in western dress. The Egyptians usually would be wearing the maroon tarbush, sometimes called a fez. There were scores and scores of peasants wearing long, loose-flowing galabias, often not too clean. There were peasant women dressed in long black garb wearing veils, sometimes carrying infants whose eyes were ringed with flies. There was much blindness in Egypt at that time. There were Bedouins from the nearby desert in their characteristic dress of long, usually light-colored robes with a headdress of shoulder length cloth held in place by a rope-like circle around the head. The cloth of the headdress could be drawn across the nose and mouth when the winds blew up a not infrequent sandstorm. I was always intrigued by the Bedouins. Whether they were riding camels or donkeys, they seemed to possess dignity. There were many dark-skinned Sudanese in Cairo in those days. They made up a large part of the domestic servant force of the affluent.

Those were the days of "capitulations" and the Mixed Courts. There was no dominant Egyptian legal system for the many foreigners living in Egypt. Europeans, including the British, some of whom were second generation residents of the land were, in fact, citizens of their own countries. In Cairo they had their own schools, churches and social life. These foreign nations staffed the Mixed Courts for their nationals. When an American broke a law, he was tried before an American judge, and so on. When Nasser took over, he threw out this demeaning system. I am not an admirer of Nasser, but he did some obvious things to help the Egyptians regain some national pride.

The Egyptians had a royal family. The king was Faud I (the father of Farouk of ill fame) classed as an Albanian Turk. The British High Commissioner was the dominant figure in ruling the country. He lived in a vast, palatial residence along the Nile, and from the High Commissioner's "Residency" came the ruling power. This was in the heyday of the British Empire. An indication of the empire in those days is the following from my passport visa giving me permission to travel to Palestine and Transjordan in 1932: "... good for the United Kingdom, all British Colonies,

Territories, Ports, Protectors, Mandated Territories including Palestine . . . ”

The British army, represented during my Cairo years by the Middlesex Regiment, was situated on a high eminence called the Citadel overlooking the city. From time to time, if there appeared to be stirrings of possible trouble by radical Egyptians calling for change in the status quo, British tanks would rumble through the main streets of the city until matters quieted down. The Middlesex Regiment was always supplemented by other regiments who came to Cairo, each staying for awhile and then moving on to other parts of the empire. Among those I can recall were: the Coldstream Guards, the Grenadier Guards, the King's Own Royal Regiment, the Royal Fusiliers, the Royal Air Force. There were others. The British took care of the empire.

The great hotels—Shepherds, the Semiramis, the Continental Savoy and others—were owned by what was called the Egyptian Hotels, Ltd., which was in reality a foreign corporation. The hotels were usually managed by Swiss. While some businesses were owned by Egyptians, many were owned and operated by Lebanese, Syrians, Greeks and Armenians. The Suez Canal was owned and operated by a European company. The government services, including the schools, were laced through with Europeans, mainly British. Many high and critical government posts were manned by British, some of whom were given the title of Pasha. Of course, the revolution led eventually by Nasser, put an end to the days I knew in Egypt.

My work at the American University included teaching English, (I had been engaged as a history teacher but the University was more in need of help in English) helping John McConnell operate a small dormitory a few blocks from campus, and assisting Jack in running the athletic program and the health program—the latter not worthy of the name. The dormitory housed mainly Palestinian Arabs, a few Egyptians, Indonesians and Arabs from Yemen. One of our main responsibilities in the health program was to make certain that students took showers after exercise! We had an Egyptian

doctor to call on if we needed him. I can't remember calling him more than once in three years. We were equipped in both the athletic office and the dormitory with bandages, aspirin, Epsom salts, iodine and medicinal brandy. I won't recount the stories of how I, without any knowledge in the field, treated students who came to me with their illnesses. Let it suffice to say that I never lost a patient! In the athletic program we offered regular classes in exercising, soccer, basketball, tennis and track and field events. We also had some outdoor gymnastic equipment.

I must recount one dormitory incident that happened when I was in charge. It gives some insight into (for westerners) the sometimes incomprehensible behavior of Muslims today. One night two Palestinians came into my office to see me about a problem over which they were disputing. (I can't recall the problem.) After some minutes they attacked each other physically. Physically, I threw them out of the office. Some minutes later one of the Arabs returned and said with obvious humility, "Sir, I am an Arab and I apologize to you. An Arab never fights in the presence of his host." Soon thereafter the other young man came bristling into the office and said, "Sir, I am an Arab and I want you to know that it is an Arab custom that a host never interferes when his guests fight!"

McConnell and I, two Dickinsonians, had as fellow "short termers" two young men from Dartmouth, one from Earlham, and one from Washington and Jefferson. McConnell and I shared an apartment in the dormitory. McConnell's term was over a year after I arrived, and I took over his responsibilities. My next roommate was Francis H. Horn from Dartmouth. McConnell returned to the States and pursued studies at Yale, taking a Ph.D. He taught at Cornell in the Department of Labor Relations and eventually became Dean of the graduate school. His last post up to retirement was that of president of the University of New Hampshire. I was delighted that he was made a trustee of Dickinson College during my tenure. Fran Horn, who has been a lifelong friend since our Cairo days, pursued graduate studies at the University of Virginia

and later at Yale where he earned a Ph.D. Horn went into academic administration, serving effectively in posts here and overseas. He had a career of distinction as president of Pratt Institute and finally as president of the University of Rhode Island.

The American University, in the days of my association with it, was an eminent institution and a bearer to the Middle East of the best of our western values. It had excellent and dedicated leadership at all levels of the permanent staff. Furthermore, there was an extension program dealing with the sociological problems of Egypt. In addition, there was a superb School of Oriental Studies that offered language and cultural studies of the nations of the Middle East and Central Asia. Our Department of State and comparable departments of other nations used this school extensively. Major changes in Egypt and the Middle East since my day have undoubtedly brought major changes in the mission of the American University at Cairo. I am certain it continues to be an institution of significance in Egypt.

Social life for me in Cairo was a delight. I had all the opportunities I wanted for "dating," dancing and parties. This social life was mainly but not wholly with British young people. I was fortunate early in my sojourn in Cairo to be introduced by young Englishmen to the games of rugby and cricket. I thoroughly enjoyed both games. I played cricket for the team of the Maadi Sporting Club at the position of wicket-keeper. Rugby was played with the Cairo Rugby Club, the only civilian club in Cairo. Our rugby season was long and consisted of engagements with the teams of British regiments that stopped for awhile in Cairo. The rugby sides were made up of regimental officers. (The troops played soccer!) The best team we met was that of the Royal Air Force. Among other things it had on it a Rugby International named Beamish. My usual position was that of wing three-quarter.

I must bring to a close one of the many happy episodes in my life. I hope in the writing of it I scored what in rugby is called a "try."

Union Theological Seminary or In the Knickerbocker Valley

AFTER BLOWING HOT and cold about the church during Cairo days, I finally committed myself to it and took steps during my last months in Egypt to enroll in the Union Theological Seminary in New York City for the fall term, 1934, to prepare for the Christian ministry. I arranged passage back to the States on an American Export Line ship, boarding it at Alexandria. This was a long sea passage home taken because I wanted to bring with me the Cairn terrier that had shared my bachelor apartment for two years. I was very fond of little Jean and did not want to leave her behind. There were quarters for pets on this ship and one had the privilege of walking one's dog twice a day. Because of quarantines I could not have traveled through Europe with a pet, hence the long sea voyage home with many stops on the way.

Our children, grandchildren and I are forever indebted to that dear little Cairn terrier, Jean. My social life on board was not exciting at first. At each port I would stand near the boarding steps hoping to spot someone especially interesting boarding the ship. At the port of Naples it happened! I saw a most attractive young lady boarding the ship and carrying a cello. I am sure I said to my-

self, "This is it!" Somehow I found out her name and persuaded the dining room steward to place her at the table which was my regular assignment. Carol, of course, took more interest in my dog, Jean, than in me, but we did spend much time together. At our ship's ports of call we would do some sightseeing. Our last port of call before Hoboken was Boston. We went ashore at Boston, Carol to a hairdresser, and then both of us to see the movie *Of Human Bondage* starring Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. Both of us were headed to New York City—Carol to stay with an aunt and look for a job, she hoped with her cello. I would enroll at Union Theological Seminary. We saw much of each other during the ensuing months.

Union Seminary was a great experience. There I had the opportunity to be close to the stars of that day in theological scholarship, profundity of insight into the Christian faith and the application of that faith to the human situation. There I took work from such giants and Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, Harry Ward, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Pitney Van Dusen and Henry Sloane Coffin. The latter was president of Union in my day. Though I had as a student a close association with these men, two of them, Coffin and Van Dusen, were friends of Carol and me until their deaths. During my days at Union, it could boast that it possessed the foremost theological faculty in the world.

But with all its scholarly nature there was no inclination to stand apart from the world. The problems of man and his society were daily and nightly on the front burner. The experience at Union gave me a better understanding of the nature of man, including some insights into myself as a human being. I gained a better understanding of the church and its mission, and I reaffirmed my commitment to use my life as best I could in helpfulness to others as the way to glorify God and His Son.

At Union, Henry Sloane Coffin was, as president, a good churchman, pastor, a superb administrator and a human being who was always thoughtful of others. He was a patrician, a member of an old and distinguished New York family. He had gradu-

ated from Yale and Union Seminary and for many years was pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church where he distinguished himself in preaching, administration and in furthering the work of the church among the poor of the lower East Side. It was a great step for the directors of Union to bring Dr. Coffin to the presidency. He presided over a faculty that was not only strong but which contained differing points of view, some held uncompromisingly. Coffin presided with skill, humor and respect.

Coffin often took time to help students in personal matters. He took a fatherly interest in me (and many others), and I was grateful because I needed it. One evening during the early part of my first year at Union, I had attended an installation service at a Congregational Church on Staten Island where the minister being installed was a Union graduate and a former teacher at the American University at Cairo. We had become good friends, and I was glad to attend his impressive inauguration service. Among the participants were Dr. Coffin and a Methodist churchman of considerable stature, Bishop McConnell. It was late fall and I was coming back from Staten Island by ferry and subway. It was a bitter cold evening. On the last part of the trip I found myself sitting next to Dr. Coffin and the Bishop in the subway. Coffin noticed that on this cold evening I was wearing a thin, badly worn kind of "trench coat." Coffin said to me, "Don't you have a heavier coat?" I answered him truthfully, "No." In those days I had very few clothes and most of what I had were well worn. The next morning, to my surprise, Dr. Coffin appeared at my door in the dormitory carrying an overcoat of his, leaving it with me, he said, until I could provide one that was better and would fit me. (I was considerably taller than Dr. Coffin, physically, and had longer arms.) I used the coat until I was able to get a fifty-dollar advance on my modest salary provided by St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University where I was working for Chaplain Knox. I bought myself a dandy overcoat that stayed with me through my Mount Hermon days.

During the latter part of my first year at Union, Carol and I decided to marry. We had no funds except what we both earned

at part-time jobs. Carol was the better money earner for, though I had two part-time jobs, I had a course of study to follow. But we thought we could swing it during those Depression days. At that time it was not permitted for Seminary students, especially scholarship students, to marry without the permission of the president. At that time Dr. Coffin was on a six-month trip to the Far East and Van Dusen was the acting president. I sought Dr. Van Dusen's permission and advice. Van Dusen came from a distinguished and wealthy Philadelphia family and looked at things a little differently than many of us of the Depression generation. We accepted his permission but ignored his advice. We then went ahead with our modest plans. About the same time two other Seminarians went through the same process I had pursued and married in the absence of Dr. Coffin. When Dr. Coffin returned, he called the three of us into his office, one at a time. I was the last to be called. The others told me of the lectures they had been given. When I was called into the presidential presence, Dr. Coffin said, "Bud, you are older than many of your fellow students and you have traveled and worked overseas. You ought to know your own mind. All I am going to say about your marriage is 'don't do it again!'" I have followed that advice and admonition for over fifty years. I must inject here a further thought. The year of our marriage, 1935, was a good year in other ways, too. That was the year George Gershwin produced *Porgy and Bess* and Franklin Roosevelt established Social Security!

An additional story must be told that reveals more of the character of Henry Sloane Coffin. One of my responsibilities at The Hill School, my first post after seminary, was that of engaging preachers for the Sunday morning service in the school chapel. Early in my first year at The Hill I invited Dr. Coffin to preach. I was surprised and delighted when he accepted the invitation. After the service and Sunday dinner, Dr. Coffin and I were visiting in the guest room where he was resting prior to his return to New York. He said he wanted me to know that he had come to The Hill for one reason and that was to assess whether or not I had a real

ministry in my life and work at The Hill. His judgment was that I had a meaningful ministry there.

It was during my later Union days that I thought seriously of pursuing my ministry in the field of education. I was interested and influenced in this direction by Dr. Erdman Harris, an old AUC hand of some years before my time in Cairo. Harris was then on the faculty at Union and had just returned from a year's leave which he had spent at The Hill to assess the possibilities of developing a serious religious program in a private boarding school. The headmaster, James I. Wendell, was strongly in favor of such a program and, at Harris's suggestion, came to New York to see me. Later, Carol and I made a trip to The Hill. Toward the end of my senior year at Union I was offered a post at The Hill, which I accepted. Carol shared my enthusiasm for the future in Pottstown.

The Hill School

or

From the Knickerbocker Valley to the Schuylkill River

I WENT TO THE HILL with the title of Chaplain and Chairman of the Department of Religion and was charged with establishing these new positions in the life of the school. This was not an easy charge for not all faculty and staff were enthusiastic about this hope of the headmaster. It was at The Hill that my understanding of young people began to develop. I learned much about their problems, hopes, their relations with their peers, their idealism and their expectations of their teachers and the world. Also, I was beginning to understand something of academic administration and institutional life, the things that make for advance and the things that hold back advance. I learned much from my colleagues about teaching and many more things that were helpful to me professionally. There were first-class teachers (masters) at The Hill in those days. I am sure that today the school has a good complement of such masters. I learned much from James I. Wendell, the headmaster, and from Robert Hilkert, a master. Wendell, who with his gracious and talented wife, Marnie, befriended Carol and me and helped make our life at The Hill so

enjoyable, though sometimes a bit "heady." It was our initial experience in a first-class, exclusive, private boarding school.)

Hilkert was a good friend, an accomplished cellist, and a professional gadfly who helped me and others keep professional matters rational and, above all, honest. Hilkert left teaching shortly after we left The Hill and pursued a career in personnel work that gained him a widespread reputation as an authority in the field. I must add here the names of two other colleagues: Edmond S. Meany, Jr., and John E. Baldwin. These men and their wives joined Carol and me some years later at Mount Hermon and followed distinguished careers about which I will comment when I write about life along the Connecticut River.

There was great joy for Carol and me on April 14, 1938. That was the date of the birth of our first child, Linda. Linda continues in our lives as she started—a blessing to us and to all who know her. We were touched those days by many things, among them a gift from the boys at our table in The Hill dining room, table #21. The gift, a silver porringer for Linda inscribed: From the Boys at 21. As is the custom in many boarding schools, I am sure, there was considerable betting by students before Linda's birth. The odds favored a boy as there had been eleven girls in succession to faculty families. One student I knew and who had bet the child would be a girl won heavily because of the odds. He remarked when the child turned out to be the twelfth girl in succession, "The Hill School never departs from an old tradition!"

Wendell believed in making his faculty work. The teaching part of my job called for twenty-eight hours a week in the classroom. (Later I was able to cut this down a bit.) I had the three upper forms in Religion classes arranged according to their schedule for English classes. I prepared three different courses. These courses were compulsory, had never been given before, the grades didn't count on a student's record, nor did the grades count toward getting into college. What a challenge! The teaching was not my only responsibility. I had to arrange for the short week-night chapel services and a full-blown Sunday service with the visiting minister in

my charge. All these services were compulsory, of course. I also had to find time, as did the other masters, for coaching a sport two of the three seasons a year. Furthermore, I had the normal boarding school responsibility of supervising a table of boys in the dining room twenty of the twenty-one meals a week. One of the delights of the dining room responsibility was that it was shared with Georgia McDonald, who occupied the opposite end of the table. Georgia was Marnie Wendell's chief aide in caring for the faculty, the guests and the social life of the school. The operation and decoration of the impressive Headmaster's House, the center of the official social affairs of the school and the place where all important guests were housed and entertained, were also among Georgia's responsibilities. The charming and most gracious Georgia is now Mrs. William E. Park. We count Georgia and Bill very dear friends and look forward to visiting with them on our stays on Cape Cod where this very special couple now live in retirement.

Early in our fourth year at The Hill I had the feeling that I should further my ministry in a regular parish and at the same time learn more than I knew about the church as an institution. I had been teaching about the church in my Religion courses but had never served a conventional parish. I discussed this with Eugene Carson Blake whom I had learned to know when we were both teaching at the Northfield Summer Conferences and whom I had invited to come to The Hill for a Sunday service. Blake told me at the time that he was leaving the First Presbyterian Church in Albany in a few months and going to the Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Would I like to be a candidate for the pulpit in Albany? I told Gene I would like to be a candidate and shortly thereafter heard from the pulpit committee of the Albany church. Sometime earlier I had accepted an invitation to preach in Tom Mutch's Presbyterian Church in Morristown, New Jersey, and so informed the Albany pulpit committee. A number of the members of the committee decided to come down to Morristown to get a look at me. The attraction for some members of the committee was the Yale-Princeton football game nearby the day before. I preached later,

at the request of the committee, in a Schenectady Presbyterian Church. Finally, I preached in the Albany church itself.

The result of this process was a call to the first Presbyterian Church, which Carol and I accepted gladly and with enthusiasm. With the permission of the headmaster, I started commuting to Albany for weekends during the late spring. We brought our work at The Hill to a close and moved to Albany in the early summer of 1941. In terminating matters at The Hill, I asked Jim Wendell for a picture of him that I could take with me. Jim gave me a picture on which he inscribed some very nice sentiments which closed with thanking me for my contributions to The Hill over the past three years. I reminded him that I had been there four years and Jim replied, "Yes, but the first year didn't count!"

*The First Presbyterian Church
in Albany
or
On the Banks of the Hudson River*

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH is a downtown church with a congregation that in great part lives away from the center of the city or in the suburbs. It is one of Albany's historic churches, having been founded in 1763. One of its early pastors was Eliphelet Nott, who later became the first president of Union College, founded in Schenectady in 1795. Nott was known, among other things, for a sermon he delivered against dueling at the time of the Hamilton-Burr duel. A later pastor of the Albany church, William Neill, served as president of Dickinson College from 1824-1829.

It was of special interest and help to me to find in a congregation numbering more than twelve hundred a good many members familiar with or directly associated with the educational process. Among such members were the heads of Albany's two old private academies, the president of Albany Teachers College (now the University of Albany), members of faculties in the area including several from the Albany Law School and the Albany Medical School. A fair number of officials in the State Department of Edu-

cation made our church their church home. (Many of the Protestant members of the FBI came to our church though I don't know what that signified!) During the school and college year many students came to our services. While my preaching was not directed to one group of worshippers, the presence of educators and students, normally a critical lot, prompted me, I am sure, to work a little harder on my sermons! I was never far from academe in Albany.

We loved our life and work—the preaching, the calling—(my fellow Presbyterian minister, Kenneth Welles, also pastor of a large downtown church and with years more experience, told me that if you weren't a great preacher but did a lot of calling on your members they would respond by being helpful and loyal to the church). I did a lot of calling! We had a good church program and a lot of helpful and participating members. Our Sunday evening young peoples' group was the largest in the city at the time. I enjoyed the involvement in city and governmental affairs that was the lot of the minister of a large downtown church. We loved our parishioners as we got to know them, young and old. Most of the young we remember are now old, too! Among the very choice young members were George and Esther Beilby. George, now deceased, was working at the State Bank but had a desire to go into the Christian ministry. I helped him all I could and went with him to New York when he was applying for admission to Union Seminary. Beilby eventually took two degrees at Union. The Beilbys, who found the delights of Cape Cod before we did, became dear and lifelong friends.

On August 10, 1943, Suzanne was born to the Rubendalls. What a joy she was and continues to be! We have been blessed by our children and the blessings continue. In a sense, Suzanne was born not only to the Rubendalls but to the parish. There had not been a child born to a first Presbyterian pastor's family in more than fifty years. The word that a child was to be born spread throughout the parish. There were rumors of the arrival for some days before the event. One day, I was walking down State Street

when a member of the parish, a very shy man, stopped me to congratulate the Rubendalls on the birth of a child. What could I say? I responded, "Great! What is it, a boy or a girl?" Eventually, Suzanne arrived. The Rubendalls rejoiced. So did the parish.

Among the pastors who meant much to me during those days were Brewer Burnett, Erville Maynard, Kenneth Welles and Earl Leddon, pastor of the neighboring Methodist Church. Leddon was a Dickinsonian of the class of 1910 and later became a highly respected Bishop of his church. But the clergyman for whom I had abundant affection and respect was William Herman Hopkins, who preceded Blake with a long ministry in our church. Though retired for years, he was most helpful to the young upstart in the church to which he had given so many years of his life. He was always ready to assist me in any way that he could, give advice when asked, gave comfort when needed and never interfered.

I remember my first Easter Sunday at the church. I was very nervous about the two morning services ahead. They would be crowded and have all the excitement of Easter. Dr. Hopkins was sharing the services with me that day. After the prayer with the choir and as we were about to process into the sanctuary for the first service, Dr. Hopkins sensed my nervousness and said, "Don't worry. This is Easter. No matter what transpires it will be a great service!" That calmed me down considerably.

I must tell another story about Dr. Hopkins. It happened when he was pastor and he liked to tell the story on himself. The wall of the north side of the sanctuary contained a very large Tiffany window. It depicted the Sea of Galilee and occupied about two-thirds of the wall. It was beautiful. One Sunday morning before the service, Dr. Hopkins went into the sanctuary to attend to something and found there two elderly ladies in a pew admiring the Tiffany window. Dr. Hopkins greeted them. They responded that though they were members of the nearby Methodist Church, they often came here before their service to admire the window. They continued and told Dr. Hopkins that they had agreed that if ever they lost their hearing they would like to join this church!

In the wall of a large room adjoining the sanctuary there was a stained-glass window depicting an early and well-known member of the church, Joseph Henry, an outstanding scientist of the early nineteenth century. When John Quincy Adams, at the time a congressman (1831-48), took the lead in using the Smithson bequest to establish the Smithsonian Institution, Joseph Henry was called to Washington from Princeton to head that institution. At the time Dickinson had on its faculty an outstanding scientist, Spencer Fullerton Baird of the Dickinson class of 1840, who had taken his Ph.D. at Harvard. Among Baird's many contributions to the college was in 1845 when, for the first time in American higher education, he took science students out of the classroom and regularly led them on field trips. Joseph Henry persuaded Baird to join him at the Smithsonian. He later succeeded Henry as head of the Institution.

One fall weekend in 1943 when I was at The Hill School for a Sunday service, Dr. Wendell told me that there was a vacancy in the headmastership of his old school, Mount Hermon. Wendell asked me if I would be interested in being a candidate for the post and, if so, he would be glad to nominate me. I assured him of my interest in Mount Hermon and the Northfield School for Girls was prompted by what I had learned of the tradition of those two schools, which for years had joined the educational process with the Christian religion in a boarding school environment. From my experience at The Hill I was aware of the tremendous possibility afforded in a boarding school to bring the aims of the school into the total life of a student. I wanted to find out more about Mount Hermon.

Shortly after my talk with Jim Wendell I had a letter from Dr. William E. Park, president of The Northfield Schools, asking about a time I could come to Northfield to talk about the opening at Mount Hermon. Dr. Park was serving as acting head of Mount Hermon while a new headmaster was being sought. I informed him that I had a preaching engagement (in January, I believe) at

Andover Academy and that I would be delighted to stop and visit with him on my way back to Albany from Andover.

I must make what for me is a pleasant digression to write a few words about my respected friend, Claude Moore Fuess, headmaster of Andover Academy in those days. I cherished this friendship which began early in our Albany days. I looked forward to trips to Andover to preach in the Academy's great and inspiring chapel with its superb choir. Jack Fuess was the most scholarly of the headmasters I came to know. An Amherst graduate with a Ph.D. from Columbia, Jack wrote scholarly articles and at least two books on another Amherst graduate, Calvin Coolidge. On one of my visits to Andover, Jack remarked on my newly awarded D.D. He said he often wished he had a Doctor of Divinity degree, but he missed his chance some years before when he was asked to give the commencement address at the then recently founded Rollins College. He was offered travel expenses, an honorarium of \$100 and the honorary degree of his choice! This was his chance for a D.D. and he didn't take it! I have much to say about my long deceased friend Jack Fuess but I will write one more story. At the time when a building at Andover was being ceremoniously named after him, his initial response when it was his turn to speak and after hearing many complimentary things said about him, started with a prayer I will never forget. "O Lord have mercy upon us and help us to justify the high regard in which we hold ourselves!"

The visit with Dr. Park was friendly, informative and gave me enough insight into Mount Hermon, its problems and special challenges to confirm my feeling that I could have a ministry in education there. There followed another visit, this time accompanied by Carol, who confirmed and enthusiastically supported my conviction. There followed meetings with Northfield trustees in Boston and in New York after which an offer was made for us to come to Mount Hermon.

During the later part of this process, and before I accepted the offer to go to Mount Hermon, I sought counsel and advice from

a few respected older friends among the ruling elders of the First Presbyterian Church. I was then thirty-four. Two of the elders, and good friends, urged me not to miss this opportunity to follow what they knew was my deep interest in religion and education. These two church fathers were both educators. There were J. Cayce Morrison, Associate Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, and John Sayles, president of Albany State Teachers College. These men were humane individuals, competent educators whose devotion to the values of education made me consider them both great. Both (they were in their sixties), I see now, took a fatherly interest in me and their counsel came out of warm hearts.

*Mount Hermon
and the Northfield Schools
or
From the Hudson River
to the Connecticut River*

MOUNT HERMON presented an incredible panorama of forces for the education of youth, for the nurturing of their growth as human beings, and for the growth of their intellectual, moral and spiritual strength. Dwight L. Moody, the founder of the school, created this panorama in vivid colors. Moody spoke of God in the idiom of the evangelical Christianity of his day, but he also translated that idiom into its practical application to the lives of young people. Moody's genius was enhanced by vision, openness and a selfless devotion to God known in Jesus Christ. Many times over the years I was badgered by comments declaring that Mr. Moody would not have done this or allowed that. These were always well meaning, but sometimes they were related to the outcropping of a "narrow pietism" or a cloying self-righteousness. Erdman Harris called some of this "the manicuring of minor morals."

But, fortunately, the school never lost from its heart a wholesome, healthy understanding of God known in Christ. Moody had

put that into the very foundation of the school. Times have changed but that has not.

One of the marks of Moody's "practical" vision is the beautiful campus of Mount Hermon. As many of the old New England boarding schools grew and expanded, they built along the street on which the original buildings were standing. And there are some beautiful New England campuses. When the time came for the expansion of Mount Hermon, Moody's advisors recommended that new construction should proceed along the Gill road next to the farmhouses that housed the original students. Moody directed the attention of his advisors to the impressive and untouched wooded hills that rose to the west high above the Gill road. We'll build up there was his message.

At Mount Hermon we labored to develop the academic program and the faculty. These two aims go together. We worked to improve the learning and social atmosphere, establish an athletic program (interscholastic) of quality and to keep vital those traditions that were so superb for the nurturing of the lives of young men: Biblical studies, worship, a student work program involving every member of the community in the work of the community. We placed on students an unusual amount of responsibility for their own conduct and welfare. That our program had a positive impact on the lives of students is testified to again and again by alumni of the school. There was about the Mount Hermon graduate a high degree of maturity, self-reliance and thoughtfulness of others. An alumnus was well prepared for college and had learned good academic habits. He was also on the way to finding answers to the great life questions all of us ask as we face ourselves and our destiny.

At Mount Hermon I found a faculty that contained a core of able and dedicated schoolmasters. Over the years I worked to bring to the campus others of like stripe. Their concern for their disciplines, their students and the unique qualities of the school was remarkable. Salaries were low (a condition that has been remedied somewhat) and perquisites were few. The teaching loads and other

responsibilities were heavy, yet there was something about that school, its tone, its goals for the lives of young people, that caught many new masters and made them believers. I had extraordinary help and learned much from faculty and staff. Many enlarged their interests beyond their own personal responsibilities and seemed to be saying: The business of Mount Hermon is our business too.

I cannot write about all the members of the faculty and administration to whom the school and I are indebted; let it suffice to say a bit about a few of them. Arthur Platt was something special in the life of Mount Hermon. A graduate of the school in the Class of 1924 and of Trinity College, he returned to the school in 1928 to teach mathematics and do extracurricular chores. In those days the latter were very informal and depended on the creativity and leadership of the masters. When I arrived on the campus in July 1944, young and inexperienced, I found Arthur, then Director of Studies, a tremendous help. I soon appointed him to what was, I believe, a new office, that of Assistant Headmaster. He continued his Director of Studies work but shared with me the responsibility for the total life and program of the school. There were those on the faculty who objected to this new appointment by the new headmaster. Why? Arthur was ruthless about maintaining high standards in classroom teaching and performance. Some resented being held up to the best. The strength and quality of the academic program we developed at Mount Hermon were due in the most part to the dedicated leadership of Arthur Platt.

Then there was Jack Baldwin, who came to us from The Hill and the Navy the summer 1944 before my first fall term started. How I needed the help of my former colleague! The story of Jack Baldwin's career, and that of his talented wife Alice, is heartwarming. Teacher of English, head of his department, great golfer and sportsman, but so much more in the total program of the school wherein Jack made the life of the school his life. He not only exemplified the Mount Hermon values but sustained and developed them. He has been honored a number of times for the person he is, and all such honors are more than deserved.

Another Hill School colleague (with his helpful wife Dorothy) came to us during our early years, Dr. Edmond S. Meany, Jr. Ned served admirably as a history master and administrator before he became headmaster of the Northfield School for Girls from which office he retired with appropriate honors after a career of solid achievement.

There was Donald Westin, who came to us out of the service to teach physics. With him came his able wife and Middlebury classmate, Betsy, who contributed so much to the life of the school. Westin was a teacher of remarkable skill and had an unusual method of motivating his students. He swore at them, denounced them in colorful language and loved them. His method worked! Westin, bless him, on several occasions when we were having a serious problem in the school, would put his head through the doorway of my office and utter, "I wouldn't have your job for anything in the world!"

I am reminded of one view of a headmaster's work, that given by our daughter, Linda. She was about twelve years at the time and had a summer job working at the telephone switchboard in Holbrook Hall, the administration building. She was at a post where people often came to ask directions. One day a visitor spoke at length to Linda. Among other things he asked what her father did. Her response was, "Oh, he's kind of a janitor. He goes around cleaning up the messes made by other people."

I must write of two chaplains who worked with me over our years. (As one reads this, one might think that I engaged staff because of the impression wives made on me at the job interview. No, these were good men and it followed that their goodness shown forth in their selection of wives!) Albert Buchanan came to us from Union Seminary and a career in the armed forces. At the time we had in the school a number of young veterans preparing themselves for college. They found in Buchanan a friend and helper. But Al did much more. He lifted to new heights our chapel services and our Bible teaching, to name just two of his many contributions. Al was a remarkable person, so able with stu-

dents, so stimulating to students with a developing intellectual curiosity. He left us to pursue a career in the Episcopal ministry. Too early he developed a fatal illness, too early he died.

I had met his wife, Barbara, while I was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Albany. She had come to Albany from her Masters program at Union Seminary to be interviewed for an opening we had at the church in Christian Education. She was single at the time. The interview developed into a job offer for her to consider. About a week after her visit I had a phone call from Barbara. Her message was: "I can't come to Albany. I have found the right man!" The "right man" was Al. It was so good, a few years later, to have those two at Mount Hermon. During Al's terminal illness and the earlier fatal illness of one of their daughters, Barbara pursued and continues to pursue, in Boston, her own professional career. We are delighted that we see Barbara on Cape Cod on occasions that are too rare.

James Rae Whyte came to us as chaplain after he finished his studies at Union Seminary. He, too, was an armed services veteran. I was at Union interviewing prospects and had an appointment with Jim. He came to our appointment dressed in wrinkled chinos, sneakers and a sweatshirt. (The other interviewees were dressed appropriately for an interview for a post at a New England prep school!) I liked Jim. I liked his wife, Hilda, pregnant with their first child. Later I had a good meeting with Jim on the Mount Hermon campus, offered him the post and he accepted the offer.

Whyte possessed a deep and natural understanding of the Christian faith. He was articulate, touchingly poetic, abounding in humor, and, above all, humane. I never saw a more effective person in his work with young people. His humor helped him many times. Just one incident: In our day attendance at chapel was compulsory. This was daily, except Monday and Saturday. Wednesday service was our only evening one and was held at 7:00 P.M. One Wednesday in February it had been cold and raining heavily all day and was continuing into the evening. The students, about 450 of them, sloshed into chapel and took their seats—a wet, sodden,

sullen mass of humanity. Chaplain Whyte arose to speak. His first words were: "It certainly makes a preacher feel good to see so many people come out to church on a night like this!" The students laughed and were won to Jim for that twenty-minute service.

Shortly after we left the Northfield Schools, Jim and Hilda went on, too, eventually to Andover where he served as School Minister for the Academy. Jim was afflicted with a fatal illness and died too young. Hilda continued on at Andover until her recent retirement. She served as a highly respected teacher of chemistry and as a tennis coach. I am glad that we see Hilda on Cape Cod from time to time.

It was at the Northfield Schools that Carol and I received a priceless gift in school music. Carol, because she is a musician with Juilliard training and professional experience, was more sensitive to this gift than I. She made many contributions from her talent to the Schools and the surrounding area. She taught cello and played in our orchestra, played with orchestras and groups from around Greenfield, and in Vermont and New Hampshire. The gift of understanding about school music came pre-eminently from Albert Raymond, choral and orchestra director, and Carlton L'Hommedieu, organist. We learned what music can do for an institution and its students. The annual Sacred Concert at which a thousand young voices, superbly trained and led, sang to the glory of God, moved both participants and audience to an overwhelming and unforgettable experience. Learning from Raymond and L'Hommedieu, Carol and I worked to bring to the students at Dickinson an experience in participating in much music ably led. The Bullards and Petty have done it at Dickinson. When Carol and I retired, we were happy in the knowledge that much good music was being made on the campus and that the music was led with excellence.

I wrote earlier about being fortunate in finding some first-class faculty on hand when I took over as headmaster in 1944. I cannot write about all of them. Let it suffice to write of four. These are men who came to the school out of college and, except for military

service on the part of two of them, spent their whole professional careers enriching the school and the lives of their students. These are men, of course, who were engaged by earlier headmasters. Jervis Burdick, a Princetonian, was an excellent teacher, basketball coach and administrator. He later became the chief financial officer of Northfield Mount Hermon. Axel Forslund, Springfield College, was a miracle worker as head of our athletic department. His miracle was what he could do with the little money allotted him for his work. Axel planned ahead and was ready to give leadership when we moved into an expanded athletic program and began to build new gymnasium facilities. There was vibrant life and imagination in our program, or to use Axel's work, it had "pizzazz." Fred McVeigh, Williams College, was first-class in everything he did: teacher of French, admissions, coach of cross-country. One time Fred was substitute teaching French at Northfield. This was his first experience teaching girls, and when he was asked what it was like, he responded, "You go to the class and the girls recite what they studied the night before. You give out an assignment for the next day, the girls come to class again prepared to recite. No challenge!" William H. Morrow, William and Mary, Phi Beta Kappa, a teacher of English who took over our library, made the library an all-pervasive and uplifting force in the whole community of Mount Hermon and beyond. Bill's present work with alumni affairs, publications and public relations for Northfield Mount Hermon is effective and productive. It is remarkable that a man of Bill's years can do so much and so well for an institution.

Ciero wrote: "The harvest of old age is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured." That thought rings through the mind of one writing reminiscences. How the names and faces of so many students, faculty, administrators and governing bodies of the institutions with which the Rubendalls have spent so many years fill one's memory! What an abundant harvest!

A preparatory school is sometimes judged by the number of its staff and alumni who go on to be headmasters. I am not sure how good a measure this is, but the Mount Hermon of my day had its

share. I remember the following either as students or staff: Torrey, Burnham, Greene, Baker, Meany, Lindfors, Leyden, Lanphear and, of course, the current able headmaster of Northfield Mount Hermon, Dr. Richard P. Unsworth.

The Unsworths and the Rubendalls have had a very warm relationship down through the years. We first knew Dick and Joy when they were students at the Schools. Dick was the first student to whom I awarded a diploma on my first commencement at Mount Hermon. (It was his first, too!) On that day the graduating Unsworth was confined to the infirmary so I took the diploma an hour or so before the exercises were to take place in the chapel and presented it to him on his bed of pain. During Dick's junior year at Princeton we met in Philadelphia and discussed his future plans. I urged him to let me find a job for him at Mount Hermon and to take his time deciding which direction he would go for graduate work. After three years with us, he went on to Yale Divinity School accompanied by his wife, Joy, whose wedding to Dick I was privileged to perform. We later became summer neighbors on Cape Cod where we had many hours together in a variety of pursuits. Dick was very helpful to me as I prepared my annual address for the opening of the year at Dickinson. I felt that Dick, through his work at Smith, was closer than I was to the student mind of the day. How fortunate for Northfield Mount Hermon that Dick and the exceptionally talented Joy are back at their schools again! I predict that Northfield Mount Hermon will move ahead with much strength and much helpfulness in the lives of students.

No story telling of our experiences at Mr. Moody's schools must fail to speak of Myra Wilson, headmistress of the Northfield School for Girls from 1929 to 1952. A few school heads whom I knew were, each in his own way, outstanding. Myra Wilson was outstanding in many ways. She was a builder. Under her leadership Northfield became a girls' boarding school which no other girls' school could equal. We feel grateful that our daughters, Linda and Suzanne, though they attended the school after Myra

Wilson's early death, had the privilege of attending Myra Wilson's school.

One of Myra Wilson's strengths was her ability to pick top-notch faculty and administrators. I can tick off from memory the names of a half-dozen or more in a few seconds. They gave character, an engaging diversity and richness to the program of the school. Another of her strengths was her deep interest and rich background in music. What such strength does for a school is immeasurable. She was an accomplished violinist. Carol and Myra often played their instruments in informal sessions.

It was Myra Wilson who came to the conclusion that we needed Albert Raymond full time for our choral work at the schools. At the time Al had been coming to us from Boston about twice a week. We agreed on the arrangements for his coming to us full time, but at that time Miss Wilson was ailing seriously and asked me to conclude the arrangements with Al. This I was happy to do. The great results of the step we took are apparent in these reminiscences.

Myra Wilson was a deeply sensitive religious person. I am grateful to her for so many things that sprang from this quality. One of her small gifts to me stays with me every day. I am sure that she never knew this, but she put special meaning for me in an old prayer of the church: "Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then, in Thy mercy, grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last."

I must bring to a close these reminiscences of Mount Hermon and Northfield days, always remembering with gratitude the great gifts we were given for our lives and our future work by those seventeen years with Mr. Moody's schools.

Dickinson College
or
Back to the Conodoguinet

THESE REMINISCENCES started with the story of being elected to the presidency of Dickinson. Then I reviewed the early years, student days at Dickinson, Egypt, Union Seminary, The Hill School, Albany, Mount Hermon and the Northfield Schools. Now I was back at Dickinson again for the inauguration of the 24th president of the college. The day of the inaugural ceremony was a bright, clear fall day. All regular college activities were suspended. An hour or so before the delegates and guests were due to arrive, I walked over to Old West. The campus was deserted except for small units of uniformed members of ROTC. These units had been assigned to corners, crossings and critical spots on the campus to help delegates and visitors to find the places for registration and robing. But I had a quick, strange feeling that lasted less than a minute. It looked to me, ever so briefly, as if the campus had been taken over by the military. But soon the visitors arrived and the day began.

The inauguration ceremony was impressive to me. It was, of course, a conventional presidential inauguration: greetings from the faculty, students and trustees, the awarding of a couple of

honorary degrees. The main address was given by my old friend, Dr. Francis H. Horn, then president of the University of Rhode Island. Spahr and Malcolm helped me into the purple presidential gown, the sign of my new office. Then I gave my response. There were six pledges to attempt to set the college in a direction for the future. These pledges were: 1. To initiate a study of the curriculum; 2. To work for the rapid improvement of faculty salaries and benefits; 3. To work for the physical development of the college on the basis of a long range plan; 4. To establish genuine academic freedom (at the time the college was in its seventh year of censure by the AAUP); 5. To do my utmost to ensure that we develop a real community of scholars and students; here I quoted from Woodrow Wilson's Phi Beta Kappa address given at Harvard some seventy-five years ago. (This address of the then president of Princeton had been a source of inspiration to me over many years.) 6. My final pledge called for allegiance to the original purposes of the college. Dickinson was founded by revolutionaries in revolutionary times. Benjamin Rush and John Dickinson set the early course of the college with sublime faith in education, faith that "instilling virtuous principle and liberal knowledge . . . into the minds of the rising generation," to use the founders' words, "would insure the welfare and security of the new nation." In America today, I optimistically remarked, we have been returning to the faith of an earlier generation's in education for a new age of turmoil and revolutionary change. We in this college, I reminded my listeners, can find our hearts strangely warmed in the knowledge that its founding purpose, the promotion of virtuous principle and liberal knowledge, is once more a message of hope.

I concluded my remarks by reminding all of us that the purpose of our college includes both a direction and a judgment. We stand, in the words of our charter, "under the direction and governance of Divine Providence." Therefore, as we work day by day, year by year, our work is under this transcendent judgment. Our collegiate venture is, ultimately, an act of worship. The totality of college life is an approach to the altar of the most high God.

I will not dwell any more on my inaugural response, but I must say that the pledges were kept.

An impressive number of delegates from schools and colleges attended the affair. The program included luncheon, of course. In the afternoon Carol and I played hosts at a reception at the president's house for delegates and guests. Most of the visitors stayed for the reception. A pleasant surprise was to find coming through the receiving line our old friend, Marnie Wendell, wife of the headmaster of The Hill during our days there. Marnie was not the official delegate from The Hill. I couldn't help asking her what prompted her to come to the affair. Her answer: "I've never been kissed by a college president!"

It was my intention to take my time during the first year on the job to learn about the problems and challenges facing the new president of my alma mater. This was an impossible dream. There was to be no leisurely learning. The problems were immediate and demanded immediate action. My pledges had set the course. The course had to be fast. There was, of course, the censure by the American Association of University Professors which disheartened so many of the faculty, but some members of our large Board of Trustees claimed AAUP censure a "badge of honor" for the college. With the help of the local AAUP, especially Warren Gates, and some trips on my part to the national headquarters of the AAUP in Washington, we were able to have the censure removed in a little over two years. Then there was the suspension of our accreditation by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Universities. This association was and is the most important and powerful accrediting association for middle states educational institutions. I was late in finding out about this situation. I had naturally assumed we were accredited. When I quickly looked into this and the reasons for it, I was told by an executive of the association that accreditation had been withheld in part to give the incoming president a challenge to work on the problems of the college that were of concern to the association! These problems were several, but I will mention the two that seemed major to me.



President and Mrs. Rubendall with their poodle, "Boy," c. 1961.

There was a lack of intellectual atmosphere on the campus which was reflected in the lack of both productivity and intellectual excitement on the part of the faculty. Then there was confused and sometimes questionable financial management.

When I arrived at Dickinson, I found that there were several vice-presidents. I felt that we didn't need several vice-presidents to administer this small college, that the chief administrative officer after the president should be the Dean of the College, an honorable title in academe. I took the steps necessary to eliminate the vice-presidencies.

We went to work in other ways. In about a year Dickinson's accreditation was restored by the Middle States Association. Most of the faculty responded to the challenges to their work and performance. On the academic front we brought in some helpful and first-rate professors. Among the earliest was Frederick Ferré, who came to us as head of the department of Philosophy and Religion. But the influence of this splendid scholar and teacher went well beyond his department. The Modern Language department was very weak at the time. Early on we engaged Paul Angiollilo, who raised the standards of the whole department substantially. There were others who were brought in, some of whom became "stars." Some of the faculty I had inherited took on new academic vigor in their work. They were a joy.

I reached out to Northfield and brought Arthur Platt to campus as Executive Assistant to the president with immediate responsibility to work on straightening out the morass and confusion in our business affairs. How he helped! I have written about Arthur before and will do so again. We would work together trying to understand and bring some sense of order to our business and financial affairs. Sometimes we would work until very late hours. There were times when Arthur would work through the night. We did get matters in some order. Finally, after trying others, we brought to the campus John Woltjen as business manager and treasurer. (He is now financial vice-president at Lehigh University.) John truly put us on solid ground, ready to move ahead. One thing I never

lacked was good help and leadership in meeting the academic and management challenges of Dickinson.

The president of the Board of Trustees, with whom I worked for almost all my tenure at Dickinson, was the eminent Chicago lawyer, Samuel Weiler Witwer. Witwer gave to the college the same caliber of leadership and talent that he gave to his profession and to Illinois. (See Witwer's biography, Elmer Gertz, and Edward S. Gilbreth, editors, *Quest for a Constitution: A Man Who Wouldn't Quit*, University Press of America, 1984.) But he gave more than love to the college. To me he was a tower of strength and a source of wisdom over the years, years of both difficulty and achievement. Witwer, Class of 1930, came to the presidency in a dramatic way.

What transpired reveals something of the nature of the Board and my relationship to it at the time. Spahr had retired after thirty-three years as Board president. Since there had not been a turnover in the presidency for so many years, I suggested to the nominating committee (on which I served, ex officio) that each member of the Board be polled for recommendations rather than automatically promote the then vice-president of the Board. The poll brought well to the fore Sidney D. Kline, an alumnus and a devoted worker for the college, who was then president and chairman of the Board of the American Bank and Trust Company of Reading. Kline's reputation as a leading banker in Pennsylvania and as a civic leader of stature was outstanding. But Kline served only two years as Dickinson Board president.

During his brief time as our president, Kline was under many pressures. Some came from the fact that he was greatly expanding the scope of his bank. At the same time he was under pressure from a number of people in the general college constituency from beyond the campus, especially certain church leaders, to do something about the president of the college because of his attitude toward campus social life. Furthermore, he had engaged a black as a member of the faculty and chaplain of the college! This caused an adverse reaction among many members of our off-campus con-

stituency, a reaction communicated to the president of the Board. There were threats from several quarters that funds would be withheld from the college if something wasn't done about this. I recall an alumni trip to Florida when I was challenged at length by a prominent alumnus on my appointment of a black, especially as chaplain. He said among other things that he would never bow his head to be led in prayer by a black!

I do not know when Kline decided to terminate his presidency. Later, I found out that he was to terminate his position at the Board meeting on commencement weekend, 1964. I did not know with what Board members he discussed the matter. However, the day before the Board meeting, trustee Roland Adams, in his role as chairman of our current financial campaign, stopped at the office of Frank Masland and found there a meeting of Masland, Kline, McKenney and Shuman. He discovered that they were making plans to present to the nominating committee the next morning the name of McKenney to succeed Kline as Board president. With this intelligence, Adams, who was a supporter of Rubendall, went to work. He knew that McKenney and his supporters were opposed to the way I was going about the renewal and revitalization of the college. That evening at the Allenberry, where a good number of our trustees stayed on Board meeting weekends, Adams got together with J. Milton Davidson, Carl Chambers, and several other trustees and decided to nominate Samuel Witwer from the floor at the next day's Board meeting. They had to persuade Witwer to run against McKenney, whose name would be brought to the floor by the nominating committee.

McKenney and Witwer were nominated. Obviously the Board was split. After the nominating and supporting speeches, Witwer and McKenney were asked to retire from the meeting while more discussion would go on in the meeting. The two men roamed the campus of their alma mater together. In the discussion one persistent theme was pressed by McKenney supporters: Witwer lived too far away (Chicago) to be an active president and Rubendall would do pretty much what he wanted. Furthermore, Witwer would be

a "patsy" for Rubendall. (The thought that Witwer would be a patsy for anyone was to me hilarious.) On the other hand, McKenney who lived in nearby Baltimore could handle Rubendall. When the voting was over, Witwer had won the presidency by one vote! This was a critical time for Dickinson and, of course, for me. In my mind, had Witwer been defeated, the Board would have been repudiating the direction in which I was endeavoring to lead the college in its renewal. As a consequence, I would have had to submit my resignation.

As the years went by I developed a high regard for Gibbs McKenney and his wife, Florence. Gibbs was an able and successful Baltimore lawyer. His devotion to his college was remarkable. His faithfulness was marked, at least during my tenure, by the fact that he never missed a Board meeting nor the meeting of an important committee. He was, in those days, a very active chairman of the Finance Committee. We disagreed many times, sometimes seriously, on matters of college policy and program. His approach to such matters was much more conservative than mine. When my position prevailed, Gibbs was more gracious than when the situation was reversed. I am glad a campus building bears the name of this servant of Dickinson.

With the election of Sam Witwer I knew I had a strong, forward looking Board leader with whom to work for the renewal and advancement of the college. We began to work together immediately. For some time, under the direction of Arthur Platt, members of the faculty and staff had been developing a plan for the future of Dickinson. Their work was planning for the next decade, using the Tickton method developed by the Ford Foundation of first going back ten years in the experience of the college, then planning ahead for the coming decade. It was the "going back ten years" that made Platt spend late hours, sometimes all night, trying to make some sense and order out of the records of the college, especially the financial records. This was a project of considerable magnitude, for it embraced assessing the future economic, political and educational assumptions for the years ahead. It had

to project the nature of the student-body-to-be, the educational program that would be needed, plans for the renewal and expansion of the physical plant and, of course, the funds that would be needed to put the planning to work.

When after months of work we were ready, we called a summer meeting off campus at a motel in Gaithersburg, Maryland. In attendance were key trustees, members of the faculty and administration. We deliberated on the proposals for three days. Finally, on the third day we faced the problems of the cost. The funds needed were far beyond any amount Dickinson had ever considered before. When it came to the time of decision, there was a long silence. Then Witwer, the new Board president, spoke. His words were: "This is the way we must go. This is the way to excellence for our college." Those assembled for the conference agreed without dissent. We were on our way and in ten years we achieved our goals.

Dr. Whitfield Bell of the Class of 1935, at the time an alumni trustee and undoubtedly Dickinson's pre-eminent scholar of the past several decades, spoke in 1962 at the annual meeting of our AAUP chapter. He spoke about the college's need for rebirth, that there were occasions in the history of institutions when there must be such a renewal, and that Dickinson's time had come. The Gaithersburg plan was the way to our rebirth. It was developed in its final form in the summer of 1964. At the fall meeting of the Board the plan was adopted. Sam Witwer's leadership was the key to the plan's adoption and its eventual completion a decade later. I must add that, though there were factions in the Board at the time of Witwer's election, his leadership was never seriously challenged during the years we worked together.

Sam was a master at conducting Board meetings. He was always prepared for the business to come up. He knew well the meeting behavior patterns of his fellow trustees. No matter how heated a discussion or how divided the members might be on an issue, no meeting ever got out of hand. Sam was always in charge. The

problem that some feared—that a Board president living in Chicago and therefore too remote from affairs on the campus—never arose. He was always on hand for the Saturday Board meetings, coming to Carlisle on Thursday. He never missed an important committee meeting whether in Carlisle or Philadelphia. His days on the campus were filled with meetings and appointments, the days extending sometimes into late nights. Sam and I were in touch by phone when he was in Chicago, sometimes daily when we had critical problems to settle. A small thing to some, but to me it meant much, Sam always took significant parts in the Baccalaureate and Commencement exercises as is most fitting for a Board president.

One of the great joys of our relationship was the entertaining of Sam and his lovely, gracious wife, Ethyl, in what Spahr always called the President's Mansion. Carol and I will never forget those occasions when the four of us were together at 212 West High Street. Ethyl would always be with Carol during the important occasions of the college year, giving quiet support and help. We found in the Witwers dear friends and very special people. Since our retirement in 1975, we have been together on Cape Cod and in Florida. We hope to continue these meetings. We have been through some wonderful years together. At my final Board meeting as president I concluded my report with a tribute to the man who during my presidency meant so much to Dickinson and me.

Later on in these reminiscences I will record excerpts from two speeches, one by the Dean of the College, the other by Dr. Whitfield Bell, delivered at a dinner given by the Greater Carlisle Chamber of Commerce in honor of the Rubendalls on the occasion of our retirement from Dickinson. These speeches, one by a philosopher-historian, the other by Dickinson's most distinguished scholar, an historian, summarized better than my efforts the record of the Rubendall administration. I will turn now to the days of the late sixties, the days of so-called "student unrest" in academic institutions and what happened at Dickinson during that time.

STUDENT UNREST

The SDS came to our college about the time it began to move on to the major campuses throughout the country. Our SDS issued bold statements, demonstrated and studied revolutionary writings. The membership in the Students for a Democratic Society was never large and the leadership was basically rational. The motivation of those I knew well among the leaders was commendably idealistic. The most outstanding leader was Jerome Wieler, '69, later a Woodrow Wilson Scholar and a Ph.D. in philosophy. Unpleasant incidents were few. The worst was an attempt to disrupt an ROTC drill on Biddle Field. The majority of offenders, I was told, were co-ed members of the group! I made it a point to talk with and get to know our "activist" leaders. When I would meet them on campus, I would stop and talk, whether they liked it or not. After the Biddle Field incident, Jerry Wieler and I met in my office. He was disturbed by the incident and also disturbed that many of his followers (he was a charismatic leader) did not read the revolutionary writings that intrigued him. We had a number of good talks from then on. Out of these talks with Jerry came one of the early indications that I was getting old. The *Dickinsonian* would usually have an account of our meeting, getting their story from Wieler, of course. There appeared a story in which Jerry was quoted, "... and I said to our venerable president ... !"

During those days I was under attack by certain active alumni critics who were incensed by the way I was handling student affairs. The most active leader of these attacks was Dr. John Harris, '48, of Carlisle. These attacks included my attitude toward blacks, my stand on campus social life, as well as my attitude toward the activist, SDS type of student. Many students in those days, throughout academe, were called "campus bums" at the highest levels of our national government. The Harris campaign is well documented, thanks to Jack's assiduousness in building up his case through a collection of my remarks, printed statements of them and clippings from the *Dickinsonian*. This material, with salient points

carefully underlined by Jack, was duplicated and given fairly wide distribution. These materials are now in the archives of the college for use by future historians who might want to write about those days. It is important to remember that irrationality during those days was not limited to campus activists.

One day a classmate of mine who lived in Carlisle overheard some local men talking in a downtown drug store where they were having their morning coffee. He reported to me later that they were saying some rough things about the college and college students. They opined that something ought to be done about that "communist Rosendall" up at the campus. There were a number of incidents of this genre. I was waiting one day on the curb of College Street for the traffic to ease up so I could cross the street to the main campus. A passenger in a car going by leaned out of the car window and, shaking his fist, shouted something at me which I am sure was not a conventional blessing. I would get unpleasant calls at home, usually late at night. A fortunate thing helped for awhile in these instances. During the worst year of so-called "student unrest," the telephone company inadvertently omitted our home phone number from the telephone directory! The company corrected the error the next year.

Vincent Schafmeister, '49, the alumni secretary during a part of those days, was a close friend, fraternity brother, and ally of Dr. Harris in the latter's efforts to do something about the president of the college. He gathered "material" for Harris that was supposed to be damaging to me. Schafmeister's behavior led to his being removed from his post at the college. It is my understanding that one of Schafmeister's contributions to the Harris campaign consisted of going to the county courthouse and looking up the divorce proceedings of a young faculty couple. The proceedings showed a charge of adultery on the part of the wife with another member of the faculty. The offending male, a one-year appointment, had by that time gone from the campus as had the offending wife. This was supposed to be evidence that I would allow my faculty members to do anything! Schafmeister seemed to take

delight in trying to upset me. One Commencement Sunday morning he phoned me as I was about to leave the house for the Baccalaureate service where I was to preach. He, whom I presumed knew what I was about to do, had called to report that the night before at the Walnut Bottom Tavern a member of our faculty, a Quaker and an anti-war activist, had hit a recently returned Vietnam veteran over the head with a beer bottle. Furthermore, he reported, some of our radical students were to hold a pre-commencement meeting on the steps of Bosler Hall (for which they had permission) but that they were planning to mock the ROTC commissioning exercises to be held in another building by "commissioning" a pig. Neither of these reports proved to be true.

During the attacks on my handling of the college in those days, there was a rumor on campus that at the forthcoming meeting of the Board I would be in trouble with the trustees because of the Harris campaign. Wieler, head of the SDS, heard the rumor and stopped me on the campus. He said that he had heard that I was in trouble with the Board of Trustees and that he and his friends (SDS) wanted to help. I thanked Jerry and told him I thought I had everything under control. I said this with more confidence than I actually felt. But I had visions of the SDS doing something like holding the trustees in the meeting or invading the meeting to support the president. That would have been a news story with a different twist!

In the spring of 1969, a period in which there was continued general unrest in academe across the country, Dickinson students, too, were concerned about their lot. This was their generation. The institutions of which they were a part, the governance of these institutions, the relevance of their education—these were their concerns. Happily, on the Dickinson campus there was a free and easy communication among students, faculty and administration, especially among the leaders of differing opinions. As these concerns mounted, it became apparent to a number of us that an unusual, not to say dramatic, step should be taken to get questions out in the open and to discuss them. Why not devote a school day to

these matters? Someone came up with the happy idea of calling such a day "Declare Day"—to declare, to make known. A day was set aside—no curricular or extra-curricular activities—and it was given a structure. I cannot recall all the details but a general meeting of students and faculty was to open the day.

The large dining hall in the Holland Union was arranged to care for the opening meeting scheduled for 9:00 A.M. Then students and faculty were to break up into discussion groups according to academic departments. The discussions were to be directed toward the concerns of the day. Students were free to move around to different groups. There was to be a break for lunch, then the groups were to continue their discussions. A general meeting was to be held at the end of the day in the Social Hall. At the closing meeting there were to be summaries of the day by the president of the Student Senate and the president of the college. There were to be no resolutions acted on at the closing meeting. The day was just "there" to be shared by a concerned community. There are excellent pictures of the day's activities in the files. I moved around from group to group, listening and occasionally taking part in a discussion.

Some recollections stand out. Jack Stover, now a trustee, then president of the Student Senate, and I walked into an almost empty dining hall well before the scheduled opening. We were mainly concerned about whether the students with a free day ahead would come to the meeting? By nine o'clock our worries fled. The students were pouring into the dining hall in large numbers. Another recollection is that of the young woman student who was asked to open the meeting. She was the typical activist student leader of the late sixties—intelligent, articulate and dynamic. I knew her as she moved about the campus dressed in the customary worn jeans and blue workshirt, showing to my eyes, at least, no concern for personal appearance. That morning, to my surprise, she stood before the assembled students and faculty clad in an attractive blouse and skirt, stockings and heels! To me, this activist leader in such apparel symbolized not only her respect for herself



President Rubendall addressing student protesters in the Holland Union, May, 1970.

but respect for the affair of the day in which she was taking a leading role.

In those days it was not unusual for troublemakers, students from other campuses or drifting activists (not always bona fide students) to come to a campus to cause trouble for the college or its administration. Our students were well aware of this phenomenon of their times. Our student leaders knew that there was a "campus

telegraph" that spread news from campus to campus. The word of our Declare Day was known in the area colleges. Our student leaders were not going to have disruptions on that day. A corps of students, designated as a security force, made plans. The steps planned were to start with an appeal to troublemakers to "get lost." Then, if that didn't work, our students would go to bodily removal. If that didn't work, the plans for the day would be altered or called off. It was our good fortune that the security plan did not have to be used. But the fact that there was such a plan developed by student leaders show what I found generally during those years of "student unrest"—a caring on the part of our students for their college and a pride in it. To many students Dickinson in a very real sense was their institution.

The final meeting of Declare Day, late in the afternoon, was not as large as the morning opening meeting, it was impressively well attended. Of course, some students dropped out during the day and some never attended at all. Everyone who took part seemed to be exhilarated by the experience. I remember a feeling of great satisfaction with the day. We had planned for no resolutions at the closing meeting, but one seemed to force its way forward and was allowed. It was a resolution of high commendation for Declare Day. I felt that many members of our community gained new insight into their community roles that day, insights that bore good fruit in the days ahead. As Jack Stover and I were leaving the adjourned meeting, two fraternity brothers of Jack's (and mine) who had obviously spent the day "goofing off," came up to Jack and asked rather sullenly, "What was going on there?" Jack paused, and with the greatest disdain in voice and manner, said simply, "You weren't there" and walked away.

Commencement weekend, 1969, the Wheel and Chain and ODK had their usual songfest for the visiting parents. I was asked to be a judge at the event. I'd never been asked before to so serve, and I was pleased. The reason for my presence became apparent at the end of the program. I was called forth and presented a plaque which read:

Presented to
Dr. Howard L. Rubendall
For Outstanding Leadership
Strong Despite Adversity
in the
Remaking of our College
by
ODK
1969

On May 9, 1970, word had spread like wildfire across the campuses of the land that National Guard troops had shot and killed students at Kent State. There was shooting also at Jackson, Mississippi. We were in the midst of the Cambodia crisis. Many of our students were aroused, full of fear, plenty of hysteria, and a desire to do something to give vent to their feelings. Hundreds gathered that night in a mass meeting in the Social Hall. Fiery speeches were made by those who could reach the microphone. "We'll march—we'll march on the town—we'll march on the War College!" were among the shouts. A senior student and one of our activists, Jim Drake, called me at the house about 11:00 P.M. and described what was happening. On reflection, it may seem odd that a student, especially one of the kind designated in those days in Washington as "a campus bum," should call the president in this helpful way. This was not unusual at Dickinson. Students, faculty and administration felt during those days that "we were in this thing together" and we had to help each other. Jimmy said he would keep me informed and hung up.

The next time Jimmy called was a half-hour later. I was in bed. His message was urgent: Come over to the Union. I hurriedly put on some clothes and sped to the building as fast as my sixty years would allow. There I found a mass of students listening and not

listening to the harangues from the platform. One could taste the fear and hysteria and the urge to act. Several students were on the platform, among them David Plymyer, the newly elected president of the Student Senate and a leading member of our ROTC; also there was Barry Lynn, a brilliant student with a deep social conscience as his subsequent career bears out. Barry had the microphone when I arrived, and his impassioned words were building up a movement to march through the town of Carlisle to the U.S. Army War College. The vocal response to Barry was equally impassioned. (I recognized a reporter from Harrisburg standing near the door making notes. He left during Barry's harangue. The next morning the AP carried a story saying that Dickinson students had marched on the War College. I had phone calls from worried parents.) I don't remember what I said when I took the microphone from Barry to talk to the mass of students. Jack Stover, who was there that night and with whom I discussed the incident eight years later, said, "I remember exactly what you said. Its essence was that if we pursued the course we were shouting about we would be playing directly into the hands of Spiro Agnew." Many student did not like Agnew. They returned to him his obvious lack of respect for them.

Somehow we made plans that night. There would be a march the next day through Carlisle and by the War College to our college land on Route 11, where a rally would be held. It would be an orderly march "controlled" by student-appointed student marshals. A delegation of students would go to Washington to speak to their congressmen. The *Dickinsonian*, normally a weekly campus newspaper, would be published daily for a week. Jimmy Drake painted an American flag, with blood he said, and placed it in the Union lobby. At noon each day a gong was sounded in the lobby, and the names of American soldiers killed in Vietnam were reverently read as the gong sounded. A petition to Nixon to stop the bombing in Cambodia was signed by hundreds of students, many faculty members and administrators and sent to Washington. There were other protest activities.

Surprisingly enough, "school kept" though I am sure many students were hurt academically by the amount of time they gave to protests. While overall the feelings were tense, the response of our students was in the main rational. That night in May 1970 is one that I am not likely to forget. All the elements for institutional disaster and harmfulness to students were breeding, but eventually reason prevailed without sacrificing freedom of speech and assembly.

The march by the War College that week provided an illustration of wise and cool heads at work. It must be remembered that the presence of the U.S. Army War College was a natural target for protesters against the war in Vietnam. On earlier occasions when a rally at our field beyond the War College was planned, students from neighboring colleges would join with our protesters. These earlier marches were well marshaled by our students. There was, of course, much shouting and raising of fists as marchers passed the entrance to the War College. The march in May had a difference. On the way back to the college about 50 to 75 students (not all our own) broke ranks and started through the gates. They were met on their way by War College personnel who urged the students to sit down and talk. These officers were mostly colonels and lieutenant colonels. Most of them had seen service in Vietnam. Groups were formed, sitting on the ground, and lively discussions ensued. After a couple of hours the groups gradually broke up and students drifted back to the campus. I was in Philadelphia that day on college business so I didn't witness the occasion. That evening, on returning to Carlisle, I had a phone call from Neal Abraham, editor of the *Dickinsonian*, who recounted what had gone on that day and summarized his feelings saying, "The War College 'aced' Nixon. They gave the kids a chance to talk."

One Saturday morning during those days, I had an appointment with a young teacher and a group of "radical" students. They wanted to make a movie showing the taking over of the president's office and the destruction of a college building. East College at the

time was pretty much a total wreck because of some serious structural faults that turned up when we were trying to renew this old historic building. It was a good background for the movie these students had in mind. We were delayed quite awhile because the student with the camera was late in arriving. I can't remember the name of the young teacher (probably he was a one-year appointment), but he was sympathetic to the aims of these students. When the student with the camera finally arrived, I was anxious because I had signed up for a golf date that morning. Finally and quickly I concluded the discussion by saying: Take as much footage around here as you like, but I don't want anything in the president's office disturbed or damaged in any way. I spoke directly to the young teacher: "You know my wishes—no damage or destruction. Now I am leaving to play golf. You are in charge and responsible."

I left them in the president's office to go to the Carlisle Country Club. When I got to the campus later that day, of course I went to the president's office. Nothing had been disturbed. There was really no evidence that the group had been there. They produced their movie and showed it, but I never had an opportunity to see it, though I could have if I had found a way to fit it in. I did learn that at the beginning of the movie credits were listed, and among those given credit was the president of the college, about whom they said: "We are grateful to the president for his cooperation, without which we would have made this movie anyway."

There was a time during the Vietnam war when students in ROTC were exempt from the draft. We had ROTC at Dickinson for many years and it was an important part of the program. At the time I am writing about, many students from Dickinson School of Law signed up for our ROTC, knowing they would thus avoid the draft. But the students at Dickinson who took advanced ROTC gave up a quarter of their class hours to participate in the program. I felt that the law students should not be given a free ride in our ROTC since our students were paying regular tuition, part of which covered their ROTC program. I felt that Dickinson

law students should pay something for the questionable privilege of avoiding the draft through our ROTC. There was much opposition to my stand on this matter. I was charged with exploiting the law students. There were impassioned speeches at Board meetings accusing me of being unpatriotic and not recognizing the willingness of these law students to offer up their lives for the welfare of our nation. I was accused of being un-American and discriminatory. Fortunately I had some good support on the Board for my position. Eventually I won my point. The time came very soon when this was not an acceptable escape from military duty for the law students; those who had tried it withdrew from the program and the issue died.

A memorable event occurred in our lives the night when about twenty black students ran into our house for sanctuary from the local police. The college had been making an effort to bring black students to the campus. There had been very few black students at Dickinson in the past. On rare occasions a black student from town would enroll as a day student. The racial attitude of the town and the college was much the same. Blacks had not been wanted at the college. Blacks in town were to "stay in their place." I remember two blacks as boarders in our first year, both men. I was told, but never checked it out, that there had not been a black co-ed living on the campus before we began enrolling more minority students. We never had many blacks. Our scholarship funds were limited. Opportunities for blacks at large colleges and universities with substantial scholarship endowment gave us little chance to enroll more than a comparatively small number of black students. Of course we did not lower our admission standards for blacks except in one instance that I can remember. The presence of black students on the campus caused much consternation among certain elements in Old Bellaire. The attitude of a few of our local policemen was intolerable.

One night Carol and I were awakened by the vicious barking of a dog at the corner of High and West streets in front of the house. I looked out of a bedroom window and saw the flashing of the roof

light on a police car and what appeared to be police and black students milling about while the police dog kept busy with its barking. Apparently, (I found out later) earlier in the evening some black students had attended a meeting in the borough hall and had made crude and insulting remarks to the participants during the meeting. When the students walked back to the campus later that evening, they were met at the corner of High and West by a police car, several policemen and a dog. An effort was made by the police to capture one black student who was alleged to be a bad actor. Both sides over-reacted. There was much confusion and barking.

From our bedroom window I saw a white student running toward the house carrying something in his hands. My first thought was "fire bomb." I hurried downstairs, opened the front door, and there was Wayne Sunday, a senior, holding a large sandwich and telling me what he saw going on out front. Wayne had been at a nearby pizza parlor getting some late night sustenance, and ran to tell me. Wayne never had a chance to eat his sandwich. It was still on our hall table the next morning.

Hard upon Wayne's heels came the blacks. The police didn't follow them. We welcomed the blacks into the house. The girls in the group were crying. Carol took the girls into the kitchen to help her make coffee. One young black had been bitten on the arm by the police dog; another had been clubbed by a nightstick. I started making phone calls. The first was to a doctor who promised to be there in an hour. The second call was to Merle Allshouse, the associate dean of the college, who arrived speedily, bringing a tape recorder. We asked our guests to tell their stories, one at a time, on tape. I asked them to tell it straight, no obscenities, no references to the police as "pigs." They lined up, some making notes, to get their stories on tape. The taping session had a therapeutic effect.

While this was going on, I phoned to get a lawyer. The third turn-down helpfully told me that I wouldn't get a Carlisle lawyer to touch the situation. The Carlisle lawyers, she said, had to make

a living in town, and this matter was dynamite. She then gave me the name of a Harrisburg lawyer who took civil rights cases. When I called, he responded positively, came the next morning, and was helpful then and for some time thereafter. The doctor came, treated the dog bites and found that the student who had been clubbed had no more than bad bruises.

About 2:00 A.M. the doorbell rang and there appeared two blacks wearing the garb of the Black Panthers. They wanted to talk to their brothers and sisters. (I found out later that one of these visitors was from Carlisle, the other from Shippensburg.) After they talked with one of the students for a few minutes, I asked these men to come with me. I seated them on a settee and made an appeal to them. I was, of course, worried about possible racial trouble in the town and beyond. I asked them to leave with me the problems of their brothers and sisters. I told them what I had done so far that night and that I wanted to continue trying to remedy a bad situation. Surprisingly, they accepted this appeal and left. About 2:30 A.M. I had a phone call from Kenneth Bishop, president of the Borough Council. (I wrote earlier about our number being omitted from the phone book that year. Bishop had called Platt to get our number.) Bishop had heard about what was going on and that there were blacks in our house. He asked did I want the police? I thanked him and told him that at this juncture I didn't want to see any police!

With the coming of dawn we asked the students to leave and go to their rooms. We kept the young man who had been beaten until some hours had passed. He slept in our guest room for that time. For many days afterward, our black students were reluctant to venture downtown in Carlisle. As a matter of fact, I had advised them to stay around the campus for awhile. At the same time, the police didn't come near the campus. The night the students sought refuge from the police in our house the town of Carlisle came close to a race riot. It could have been a repeat of the McClintock Slave Riot of 1847.

I must pause in this account to write a few words about Borough

Council president Kenneth Bishop, Dickinson '51. It was the good fortune of the town and the college to have had Ken Bishop in that critical position during many of those days. Bishop, a superb public servant, fair and humane, helped all of us. Without his leadership, much trouble for town and gown could have developed. I told the story I have just recounted to James Shepley, alumnus, trustee, and head of Time, Inc. Jim avered that we were lucky as there could have been a real disaster for college and town that night.

This concludes the sub-section on student unrest as those years were designated in academe. I have used selected incidents and presented some reflections that tell the story of how Dickinson managed.

In May 1971 Board President Witwer asked me to give him a summary of the accomplishments of my administration. Just about a decade had gone by. I responded by letter dated May 11 that year. I will write out most of my response. This response can be categorized as somewhat "rhapsodic."

As I reflect over the decade, the overriding thought is one of gratitude for the tremendous help I have had in the strengthening of the college from so many members of the staff, faculty, student body, and, of course, the trustees under your leadership. I have had good fortune in finding superior people for the faculty and making it possible for them to lend their strength to the general strengthening of the institution. I am aware of the improved quality of the student body and the goodly number of them who have "pitched in" to make the college a better place for learning. I sometimes think of Dickinson in the old image of a cathedral: It is the work of many hands and it is the work of many generations.

When I came to Dickinson in 1961, the college faced serious problems in spite of its long history and many accomplishments. It had been falling behind comparable colleges in educational advancement and institutional support. For seven years it had been under censure by the AAUP for violations of that organization's principles of academic freedom, tenure and due process. The college's re-accreditation by the Middle States Association was being

held up until the college could show improvement in intellectual atmosphere on the campus and in straightening out its financial management. We went to work on these problems, and in a very short time the Middle States re-accreditation became a fact and the AAUP found us pure as the driven snow. I take satisfaction in the fact that after the resolution of our censure problem the national executive of the AAUP sent his daughter to Dickinson and the fact that one of our faculty members was enlisted for a two-year term of work at the national office of the AAUP. Furthermore, now that the time for re-accreditation by the Middle States is here again, we have been asked not to go through the usual examination but to submit ourselves as a case study for other academics and administrators to observe.

Our academic program has become a lively one, gaining recognition well beyond the campus. The physical plant has been markedly improved with erection of fifteen fine buildings. Our institutional support, not counting the growing Annual Fund, has amounted to about fourteen million dollars from private sources. The book value of our endowment has tripled since 1961 to a value of eleven million four hundred thousand. The value of our physical plant has tripled to a value of twenty-one milion. Our bank loans amount to roughly two million, and we have built their liquidation into our financial planning for the next five years.

A significant highlight of the decade was the recognition by the Ford Foundation in awarding the college one of the Foundation's challenge grants. A challenge we met with the help of many. Apart from the fiscal strength the Ford grant brought to the college, its importance was what it said about Dickinson. The presentation of the college to the Foundation for consideration of a grant meant that we would go through what was then known as the most rigorous examination of an educational institution in the field of higher education. Ford examined us and found us not only worthy but full of promise for the future.

We owe much to Arthur Platt and those who worked with him on the Tickton plan of going back ten years and looking ahead ten years. When that work was done and approved by the Board, I was ready to go to the Ford Foundation. On my first meeting with officers of Ford, I was impressed with what the Foundation knew about Dickinson College. Names of people who had been removed from the affairs of the college were mentioned. There was an awareness

of what I had been doing to improve the college. The Foundation was up to date on Dickinson. Aside from visits to the campus by Foundation officers, I had at least two more meetings in New York with representatives of Ford before the final one at the University Club with a selected group of Dickinson trustees who had to affirm their support of what my administration had been doing and planned to do. Just before that meeting a Ford official was on the campus for a last visit of inquiry. As he was leaving our house, he had one final question for me. He called it the sixty-four dollar question (or was it the sixty-four thousand dollar question?). "Are you planning to stay at Dickinson?" That wasn't a hard one to answer.

In 1968, along with other colleges, Dickinson entered into a period of great testing. "Student unrest" disturbed and damaged colleges and questioned the whole educational establishment. We came through this testing and emerged a better institution. This was due in the most part to the fact that very early we began to involve students and faculty in the internal operation of the college. We established the principle of the interdependence of roles among the several segments of the college community. What this did at Dickinson was to establish a new sense of collegiality among us. Not all were won to it, but it is at work: Students, faculty and administration in a very real sense belong to the community.

There has been a strengthening of our academic department over the decade. I take satisfaction in what has happened to what you and I knew as students as the department of Philosophy and Religion. In our day it was at the bottom of the totem pole in respect. It seemed to me disgraceful for a college in the Christian tradition to so sorely neglect the disciplines that more than any others help to illumine the great questions that all men ask. The department had not changed in effectiveness since our day. With the bringing of superior people to this department it quickly began to thrive. The time came when we had to divide it into two disciplines, philosophy and religion. The student response to our good men was overwhelming. These departments are now among the pacesetters on the campus and give character as well as quality to Dickinson's position as a liberal arts college.

There is much satisfaction in the starting and developing of the Church of Christ on the campus. Early in the decade we decided to take responsibility for the work of the church and brought to the

campus, for the first time I believe, a full-time college chaplain. Out of this there grew a lively and effective Sunday service and a substantial social service program that went beyond the campus. The chaplain does a considerable amount of personal counseling as a part of his pastoral responsibilities.

I cannot think of a college church without commenting on our music which under superb leadership had advanced to the point where Dickinson is not only a place for the study and performance of music but a college where the making of music is a significant part of the life of the campus. I wish all our trustees and friends could have witnessed our large choir and orchestra present a production of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" last Sunday afternoon in the First Lutheran Church. It was a shattering experience for the audience of students, parents and townspeople who jumped to their feet in acclamation at the conclusion of the concert. To me it was a moving expression of an educational philosophy that lies close to the heart of my work at Dickinson: Good talent responding to superb leadership and holding forth a discipline to the glory of God.

For Dickinson to be able to present to the Board a balanced budget at this juncture is a significant achievement. More so than many institutions we were ready for the crisis. We had behind us our long range planning. We had developed a governing structure which brought all elements of the community to bear on the problem. As a consequence, we were able to tackle the financial challenges with widespread understanding and a spirit of sharing. Each member of the community took part in belt tightening to face the future. I feel we are going to keep this spirit alive. It will take us through trying days and help make us a college fit to enter our third century.

I must reflect now on our experience in inviting students into governance. This started very informally sometime before the blow-up of students at Columbia University. By the time such disruptions were spreading, we were well set. The involvement of students in problems of governance seemed to be a part of my nature as an administrator. We eventually formalized this in what we called all-college committees: Committees for finance, curriculum student life, and so on. These committees were composed of

members of the student body, faculty and administration. It is important to note that when students are asked to put forth leaders in such a venture they invariably put forth sound and helpful ones. This is due in great part to the fact that they were asked in a natural way to take part in an important development at their college. They did not have to force themselves into the system by protests and demonstrations as happened in some other colleges and universities. Among the student leaders who were very helpful (I cannot remember all of them) were Jack Stover, Neal Abraham, Kathy Bachman, Judy La Barre, Robert Gardner and Ken Marvel. There were many more!

Students on the all-college committees as well as faculty representatives brought a new general understanding to the community of the problems of the management of a private liberal arts college. I was especially associated with the committee on institutional priorities and resources. This committee dealt with the problems of the budget. The most outstanding of the chairmen of that committee was a professor of political science and one of the best, Dr. Eugene Rosi. He had a quick grasp of budget problems, was a fast learner and a demanding administrator. To me, he was a joy.

From time to time in my association with other college presidents I would urge them to draw on their faculty and students as helpful colleagues, but I didn't have much understanding. To my mind there was a great source of talent here. I asked participating students if their involvement in college operations took away from their academic pursuits. The answer was always the same, something like this: No, we have the time, and if we weren't doing this, we would be using the time to "goof off."

I remember when we first invited ranking student members of our committees and the head of the Student Senate to attend faculty meetings. I must report that the quality of the faculty meetings changed for the better. I suppose all faculties are like this, but we had about four members who almost every meeting took the floor to show off pet ideas and personal "thought hob-

bies" no matter how irrelevant to the issues of the meeting. We expected this no matter how annoying or boring. Miraculously, this kind of "sounding off" ceased in the presence of students!

Among the faculty who played leading roles in the move to student involvement in governance were Eugene Rosi, whom I mentioned before, Frederick Ferré, Merle Allshouse and George Allan. Of course there were others, but these come first to mind as the early ones. Allshouse is now a college president, Rosi is an administrator in another college, Ferré, one of my greatest helpers from the beginning and one to whom I will always feel in debt, had continued his distinguished career as a philosopher and productive scholar at the University of Georgia. George Allan, then a superb philosophy teacher, gave leadership to the whole process from the beginning. This able scholar has now served for a number of years as the Dean of the College, and what a delight he is! I must repeat, the basic principle that guided us was: Our roles as students, teachers and administrators are not interchangeable, but are interdependent .

I mentioned music at Dickinson in my May 1971 letter to Sam Witwer. Now I will enlarge on something that is very dear to Carol and me. When we started our work at Dickinson, we paid particular attention to the role music was playing in the college. There was some choral and instrumental music but very little. What we heard was appalling. Carol and I knew that this condition was not due to lack of talent among the students but a matter of leadership and vision in the college. This we learned through our experience at Mount Hermon and Northfield. Actually we needed another Albert Raymond. We went through three directors until we found Truman Bullard and his musically talented wife, Beth. Things really took off and before long there was much good music being made on the campus. Truman brought the excellent Fred Petty to the campus to direct our instrumental work. Music now took its rightful role as a leading part of our liberal arts college.

The part Carol Rubendall played in this development must not be underestimated. Naturally I supported her all along the way.

Among the very touching occasions that were prepared for the Rubendalls during our last weeks before retirement was a fantastic concert of choral and orchestral works planned and directed by Truman Bullard and Fred Petty. Several former members of the orchestra returned to the campus to take part in the event, among them Malcolm Goldstein, who came down from the wilds of Vermont! In honor of Carol, who of course was playing in the orchestra, a young cellist from Israel, who was having a good hearing around the country, was brought to the campus to play on the occasion. It was a festive affair. Truman Bullard, may God bless him and Beth always, in announcing the forthcoming event at a faculty



Acknowledging a standing ovation at the choir and orchestra concert honoring the Rubendalls, Fall, 1974.

meeting, spoke of this concert as being in honor of the Rubendalls for their contributions to music at the college, but Bullard went on to say that, in fact, it is in honor of Carol Rubendall. Carol, a cellist and Juilliard trained, had experience in musical organizations over the years and especially steeped in the musical tradition of the Northfield Schools, took the lead in her own right to bring about a transformation of music at Dickinson. It seems fitting that a recently constructed recital hall should bear our name.

Several years after our retirement to Naples, we were at a party where one of the guests had some months before enrolled a son at Dickinson. He asked me how such a small college had such a superb music program. I didn't answer his question but pointed to Carol, who was talking with other guests. I told my questioner, "There is the answer—talk with Carol." A very personal note. Over a year ago we celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary. Now I can say that I have been pointing to Carol with pride for over fifty years!

There were many distinguished Commencement speakers over the years. I will tell a bit about two of them. The speaker at my last official Commencement was Henry Steele Commager, noted Amherst historian and scholar. We agreed that, even though this was a farewell affair for me, he would not deliver a eulogy! Commager, whom I admired very much, had been on the campus on an earlier occasion. He was the speaker for the formal dedication of the Spahr Library. At the request of the faculty, Commager was awarded an honorary degree at that time. The speaker and I were at the end of an impressive academic procession that started at Old West and wended its way to the new library. As was our custom in those days, the procession was led by two uniformed members of the ROTC carrying the college flag and the American flag flanked by other members of the ROTC, uniformed and carrying rifles.

When Commager saw this, he said to me in essence—you don't need guns on the campus. Later we eliminated guns from our processions and had our flags carried by senior members of the faculty

wearing, of course, their academic robes and hoods. When I wrote inviting Commager to speak at the library dedication, I said we would care for his travel expenses and there would be an honorarium of \$500. It was later that the faculty voted to award an honorary degree. When I wrote to thank Commager for his visit, I sent him the promised expense money and a check for \$500. He returned the check saying that he couldn't take money from his new alma mater. I was in the midst of scrambling for funds for the Ford Foundation matching grant so I returned the \$500 to Commager, asked him to deposit it in his account, then send me his personal check for the amount. This he did, and I could use his check as part of our Ford matching money!

A memorable Commencement, at least for me, was the one when Kingman Brewster, then president of Yale, was the speaker. I believe it was in 1969. A few days before the exercises, two senior girls came to the office and asked if I would lend them a few dollars. At the time this seemed strange because I knew the family of one of the girls, and they were not hurting financially. I lent them what they asked for and didn't think any more of it. Things are usually cluttered up in the life of a president at commencement time. Brewster gave us a first-class address. When the usual things that take place on the platform on such occasions were over, Brewster and I led the procession off the platform. As soon as we started to march through the gowned, standing, diploma-holding new graduates, I knew what the money borrowed from me had been used for. Brewster and I were showered with confetti thrown by our new graduates who bordered our path. The confetti was thrown on us in a mood of joyous celebration. I said to Brewster, having learned that Yale was planning to go co-ed, "When you enroll co-eds, you will have confetti, too." The loan was repaid later that day.

Before I began typing today, I read an article about a dear friend, Lydia Winston, and her unbelievable art collection. I'll write about that when I describe something of our experiences in West Dover, Vermont. But there came to mind, not for the first

time, two other dear friends who mean much to Dickinson—Pat and Vivian Potamkin. I first knew Pat, class of 1932, during his undergraduate years. He and Vivian are among the outstanding collectors of art in the country. Their collection has been exhibited in many places throughout the land. They have presented many works of art to the college. I will always be grateful to them, not only for their friendship to both Carol and me, but also for the breathtaking exhibition of their collection in Harrisburg as a major feature of our 200th anniversary celebration. The college is proud indeed of the Potamkins.

Commencement 1971, marking ten years of my presidency at my alma mater was a time of pleasant surprises. Some students had gone up to the bell tower in Denny Hall and reactivated the old college bell that hadn't been used in years. They took with them their own bell rope and rang the old bell at what they thought were appropriate times during the ceremony. They gave me the bell rope and I still cherish it. During the ceremony, representatives of Omicron Delta Kappa and Wheel and Chain, our senior honor societies, were given time to read from the platform a statement.

Over the past ten years, the single most important factor in the life of Dickinson College has been its president, Howard L. Rubendall. Although he has distinguished himself in programs and planning, returning the college to national stature and in building a faculty of high caliber, not the least of his achievements has been the engendering of a sense of community commitment and belonging among students, faculty and administration.

For students, this has been a challenge and an opportunity. As a result of his support, students have become involved in dormitory regulations, institutional planning, departmental affairs, public relations, and in the evaluation of the faculty. Each new step had been a challenge to students to fulfill the confidence and trust that Dr. Rubendall placed in them. Coming from one who served his college with distinction while a student has been the key factor in constructively and significantly involving students in the ongoing life at Dickinson.

Dr. Rubendall has also served Dickinson's students as a source of strength and resolve, yet with the resources of compassion and understanding necessary to weather the storms and crises that have torn them. Because his empathy for the concerns of students has been coupled with a vision and an eye to history as well as the future, moments of crisis and confrontation that might have resulted in violence or destruction have been calmed and re-directed to careful self-examination, reflection, and thoughtful (yet serious) reaction.

Through his efforts students have been given a role in the life of the college—a say in its affairs. In return they have also been given the chance to contribute to and serve the college while they were yet students.

It was no small measure a tribute to his capabilities that Omicron Delta Kappa presented Dr. Rubendall a special award two years ago in recognition of his exemplary leadership.

THEREFORE: In honor and appreciation of his service to the college and its students, Wheel and Chain and Omicron Delta Kappa esteem it a great pleasure and privilege to announce the establishment of the Howard Lane Rubendall Scholarship Fund to become a part of the endowment of Dickinson College—the income from the fund to be awarded under criteria specified by Dr. Rubendall for financial aid over and above the college's commitment to a financial aid budget equal to fifteen percent of tuition income.

May 23, 1971

Wheel and Chain

Gertrude Dorsey Green,
President, 1970–71

Martha J. Shauf,
President, 1971–72

Omicron Delta Kappa

James Welford,
President, 1970–71

R. Craig Shipp,
President, 1971–72

This scholarship became one for rising seniors. The honor societies have raised money for it at their annual song fest for parents and there have been individual gifts. A few young alumni of that day have contributed to it. My non-Dickinson daughter, Linda, has been contributing to it for a number of years. I am told that the amount is now substantial. When the trustees, at the end of

our days at Dickinson, established a scholarship in my name to note my interest in students, they asked the honor societies to join their funds with those of the trustees. The honor societies refused. They wanted to maintain their own fund.

At the same Commencement, a senior faculty member was given the floor, and to my surprise and delight read and presented to me a plaque from the faculty. This was unusual because in those days in academe faculty in general barely tolerated administrators as a necessary part of an institution's structure. Without giving up independence and individuality, the faculty at Dickinson played a large part in the operation of the college. I must include their tribute as an important part of the record:

Holy Writ calls happy that man who believes in what he has not yet seen. In this decade you have come to see many things in which you, and sometimes you alone, had the vision to believe.

The campus of Dickinson College will never lose the mark of your presidency. Its firm triangle now stands, welded by library, student center and fine arts area. The form embodies your belief in learning, beauty and fellowship as the apices of the liberal arts.

The college of scholars that authors this scroll has been brought together and held together by your faith. You have been stubbornly protective of our freedom and full of heartening praise for any excellence we have shown.

"Community" is your latest and greatest dream for the college. You have not seen perfect community on our campus; but no one here has failed to sense your hopes for that ideal or to be covered by your prayers for that kind of Kingdom Come.

For unflagging faith, then, as well as visible achievement, the faculty salutes the Rubendall decade as one of the most significant of our lives.

At the time these pleasing things were happening, the Board granted us a leave of absence for three months. We planned to leave Carlisle after the fall opening affairs and planned to return early in the spring term. Carol worked out plans for our trip. We were to fly to London, change planes to go to Malta for a few days rest, then on to Athens via Rome for a week in Greece. From

Greece we would fly to Teheran where we would meet our dear friends, Arthur and Phebe Gregorian, travel in Iran with them, then on to Afghanistan, Nepal, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Japan, Hawaii and then home.

Our first real problem was London. There was a strike in the airport. No baggage was being handled and no planes were flying out. We had no reservations for London, but we had good luck. A Mount Hermon alumnus whom we met on the plane helped us carry luggage, and the mother of a Dickinson student whom we met was to visit her married daughter in London. It was the mother's custom to go to a hotel when she arrived, then call her daughter to make sure the family was ready for her to descend. She gave us her reservation at The Churchill, a good hotel. When we were registering, we ran into Bob Woodside, friend from childhood, Dickinsonian and a member of the Board, who was staying at The Churchill. We had a good visit. Carol and Bob attended a session of Parliament together. After a few days we were able to fly to Malta.

In Greece we saw the interesting sights of the city of Athens and did some sightseeing beyond the city. We had a joyous meeting in Teheran with the Gregorians. Beyond Teheran we visited Shiraz, Persepolis and Isphahan. Arthur had signed me up to speak to the educational faculty at the University of Isphahan and to the Iranian-American Society in Teheran. Eventually we flew to Kabul and had a great visit in Afghanistan. (This, of course, was before the Russians took over the country, though they were there and their buildings were pointed out to us.) When we were leaving Kabul for India, one member of our diplomatic corps in Kabul showed some lack of encouragement about our trip. The Indian Ambassador to Kabul, whom we had met and who saw us off at the airport, showed some concern about our trip to his native country but was never specific about his feelings. Shortly after we arrived in New Delhi, we learned what was bothering these men.

We arrived in New Delhi the night that Pakistan attacked India. We were in a shop on Connought Square when the sirens sounded

and the black-out came. Someone in the store led us, holding hands, through the blackness to a blacked-out taxi which took us back to our hotel. There we stayed, except for short forays into the city to see some historical places. Americans were not welcomed with open arms. Nixon had "tilted toward Pakistan." Our trips to the Taj Mahal and the south of India had to be canceled, as well as a trip to Nepal. International flights were canceled for the time being. Finally, we found we could get an Air India plane to Bangkok on December 9th. I think it was the first commercial plane out of New Dehli. We went to the airport at 7:00 A.M. but didn't take off until noon. We had one false boarding start during the morning when an Indian Army officer directed us back to the waiting lounge. That last word should be in quotes. The word lounge is used loosely. We saw rats from time to time. The airport shop wouldn't accept any of our Indian money for purchases. They insisted on dollars, as was the practice all over that part of the world. Near us a worker was doing some repairs, helped by his wife, who at appropriate times would nurse their infant baby lying near them on a mat. As to money, we were never able to get any refunds for our canceled trips to south India and Nepal.

Finally we took off for Bangkok. We traveled first class. We thought that might be some kind of insurance for us. It was Carol's birthday and the Indian pilots, who seemed as eager as we were to get out of India, learning of her birthday, invited her to sit with them up front in a pilot's seat. She stayed there during our landing at Bangkok. When it was time to land, a stewardess came to the Gregorians and me, telling us that the lady pilot had asked that we fasten our seat belts! Bangkok was fascinating, its canals, temples and gentle, physically small people. This was the beginning of the Christmas season and I was surprised to hear Western Christmas carols being played over loud speakers in the stores. I found, too, in buying a sport shirt that the sizes in Thailand—I suppose because of small stature of the general population—were a bit smaller than Western sizes. An XL shirt was not as big as the XL I knew.

Off we went to Hong Kong. The Gregorians had preceded us there and made our welcome at the famous Peninsula Hotel a warm one. We took in the many delights of Hong Kong and then were off to Japan. The Gregorians, in the meantime, had gone on to Hawaii to meet some of their family. We spent some time in Kyoto, a city of great fascination and history, with its antiquities intact from American bombing during the war with Japan. I was told this was due to the pleading by American scholars to preserve the charms of this special city. It was in Kyoto that we spent some hours enjoying Kabuki theater. We visited a mountain resort north of Tokyo, then on to that city to see many of the things a tourist should see in the Japanese capital. (We witnessed a demonstration in front of the American Embassy which was across from our hotel.) We flew from Tokyo for Hawaii on New Year's Eve. Unbeknown to us, we found when we got to the jammed and messy Tokyo airport that Pan Am had upgraded our tickets to first class for that long flight. The remainder of the plane was overcrowded with Japanese going to Hawaii for the New Year's holiday, one of Japan's most important. There were only seven of us in first class. We were the only Americans.

We more than adequately celebrated a second New Year in Honolulu with the Gregorians. Eventually Carol and I visited other islands at our leisure and then flew home from Hilo on the big island to begin what we had planned to be our last four years at Dickinson. We planned to retire at the age of sixty-five.

We loved Dickinson and still do. We took much pride in the fact that Dickinson is a small college on a beautiful campus. Dickinson holds forth a number of special benefits for students as well as faculty and administrators. In such a college where there is a slowly developing sense of community there is a singular opportunity for a student to find himself or herself as a person. The student is in close, intimate association with fellow students pursuing a variety of disciplines and career goals. There is nothing wrong for a student to come to college with a definite career goal and to stick to it, but a student finds himself in lively conversations with other

students and with faculty, and the student begins to evaluate earlier plans and dreams. Sometimes a student will discover a more real and exciting self in the pursuit of a different career goal. This can happen to the benefit of the person and society.

The president of a college the size of Dickinson has many advantages. He can walk the campus and students know him. He has access to many activities on the campus. Earlier in this writing I mentioned that I used this campus walking to stop and talk with students who were leaders in "campus unrest" movements whether or not they liked being stopped. But there were many other encounters. Students didn't mind stopping me and chatting briefly. I was even stopped twice by co-eds who had been behind me and had whiffs of my pipe smoke. They asked what kind of pipe tobacco I used. They'd like to get some for their boyfriends, they said.

Occasionally, when my office schedule allowed, I would go to my office windows which overlooked the main campus walk and watch students passing to and from class. I would try to identify students I knew, but it was interesting to watch them all, their active conversations, sometimes with much gesticulation. There were always a few students hurrying by with worried looks on their faces. They were probably going to a class or test for which they were not prepared. Student dress during a number of my years was very casual and sometimes sloppy. It was the "in" thing of the times. But they always seemed to keep themselves clean. I gained much from my visits to the windows. I called it administration by fenestration.

Among the most helpful steps we took at Dickinson was initiating and developing a program of Jewish services and the introduction of Judaic Studies into the curriculum. Carlisle had no synagogue, and Jewish families as well as Jewish students had to go to Harrisburg if they wanted to mark their holy days. We began to engage rabbis from Philadelphia or New York to lead holy day services at the college, and we opened them to town folks as well as students. We used Memorial Hall for the services. By the time the program was fully developed, all the major high holy days of

the calendar were celebrated. Even the holy day of the Sukkoth found the customary structure of that season on the campus. Our dining hall cooperated, serving properly prepared food with properly cared for utensils that the holy days called for. A moving experience for me was to look out of my office window and see Jewish parents from the town bringing their small children to the services.

We took steps to create a department of Judaic Studies, engaged a qualified scholar and enlisted other members of the faculty who were academically equipped to teach Hebrew and Judaic history. We offered a major in Judaic Studies, a big step for a small college. Especially helpful in financing this program were the leaders of the Jewish community in Harrisburg and my dear friend, Dr. Morton Amsterdam in Philadelphia. At one point we had a luncheon in the President's House for a number of leaders of the Harrisburg Jewish community. When it came time for me to make my appeal for funds, I had barely started when Moses "Buzz" Rosenberg, '38, a prominent lawyer (recently honored by the Dickinson School of Law) interrupted by saying, "Let me talk. We Jews have been raising money for over a thousand years." "Buzz" talked, and we got the support we were asking for. When Carol and I were retiring some years later, the Harrisburg Jewish community held a luncheon in our honor to thank us for what we had done at Dickinson.

Dr. Amsterdam, to whom I am so indebted for so many things, my dentist for many years and the greatest of friends, held a dinner at the Locust Club in Philadelphia to raise funds for our Judaic Studies program. He was assisted in this venture by Dr. Walter Cohen, then Dean of the Dental School at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Amsterdam had invited about twenty guests. Walter and I spoke at the dinner. Every guest, including of course our host and Walter, contributed to the Judaic Studies program. Dr. Amsterdam was the leading contributor. I must add here that Morton Amsterdam and his charming wife, Fay, have been lifelong friends whom Carol and I cherish deeply.

One day, a few years after this program was started, a senior, Richard Fagan, whom I knew well, came in to see me to seek ad-

vice on his plans to become a rabbi. I told him that I didn't have the knowledge to advise him helpfully but that I would urge him, since he was attending a liberal arts college, to go to a seminary where he would be sure to get a thorough grounding in the classic foundations of his faith. He agreed with that position and then said something I will never forget: "I didn't develop my Jewishness until I came to Dickinson." I told this story to Dr. Herbert Alexander, who was the faculty member who took the lead in many of our Jewish activities. Then Herb confessed, "I didn't develop *my* Jewishness until I came to Dickinson!" Herbert, sometime later, resigned as one of our leading professors of psychology and took his family to Israel to start a new life in academe there.

There is a story that happened earlier than the foregoing but after our program of worship and studies was well under way. A very attractive co-ed and a campus leader came to our house one morning to give Mrs. Rubendall a Wheel and Chain hat. (Some time before Carol had been initiated into that senior honor society.) Our visitor stayed and talked for awhile. The telling remark of this Jewish girl, speaking of our program, was: "You have helped me get rid of our self-hatred."

One of the advantages of using the word "rhapsody" in the title of these memories is that the word gives one considerable latitude. One definition is "an exaggerated expression of enthusiasm." That defines many of my approaches to my work over the years. Archaic definitions include: "an irregular piece of prose"; "a miscellaneous collection" and "a jumble." The last may be the best definition for much of my recording of reminiscences.

Late one afternoon I was walking home from the office after what must have been a tough day. A student came up behind me, stopped me and said, "A president should never walk across the campus looking discouraged." He turned and walked away. I didn't know the name of that student. Another time I had entered the gateway to our house and a co-ed came running through the gate and said, "I just wanted to tell you that you are doing a good job." Then she quickly departed on her way to class.

Under Paul Kaylor's chaplaincy a number of helpful programs grew out of his office. One was the Peer program, a summer program for disadvantaged children from Carlisle. A way of raising funds for this program was the auctioning off of faculty services. My volunteer offering was the reading of a bedtime story to a student group who wanted to hear me read "Jack and the Beanstalk" or some such story. The bidding was usually fairly high for this. Late in the evening I would appear at a dormitory living room where the group of girls who had won lived. They would welcome me in their nightclothes, gather around, listen to the story, but I found that what they really wanted was answers to questions about old days at Dickinson when I was a student. I'm sure I told some pretty tall tales! I enjoyed those evenings.

One of these occasions took place in a downtown apartment where a group of senior girls lived. They asked me to come at eleven P.M. I told them that was too late for me but that I would be there at ten P.M. I parked outside the building about that time and waited. Soon a group of co-eds came by, saw me, told me I was too early as they were not ready for bed. They would call me when they were ready. I was called, they gathered around in their night garments and listened. But there was more to this evening. One of the girls wanted to have her picture taken sitting on the president's lap. (I found out later that this girl had made a bet that sometime during the year she would get such a picture. That night she won her bet.) We all gathered around or sat in the davenport, the girl on my lap. She had her boyfriend waiting in the "wings" to take the picture!

One evening early in June I was about to leave the office when in came two of that year's graduates whom I knew well. They were carrying a bag. (They were probably on the campus to attend to some after-commencement chores.) They drew out of their bag a bottle of wine and three glasses, saying they wanted to "drink my health." I acceded to this, of course, and was grateful. These students, very able, went on to the University of Pennsylvania where John Harley took an M.D. and Ph.D. When they married,

I was privileged to officiate at their wedding. Both are now pursuing significant careers.

During the early years of my tenure, we had as a Commencement speaker Tom Wicker, of *The New York Times*. As we were walking across the campus in the academic procession that preceded the exercises Wicker asked me if we had any problems with what was known then as the "Women's Lib" movement. I told him that problems had not arisen so far. Some days after that exchange I decided to establish the President's Commission on the Status of Women at Dickinson. Professor Barbara MacDonald agreed to be chairman (chairperson!) of the Commission. As problems arose they were handled. During the closing weeks of our tenure at Dickinson I found that Barbara MacDonald one morning had an appointment to see me. I was a bit puzzled because, though Barbara and I had many appointments when she headed the Commission, she had had several successors in that office as the years went along. When Barbara appeared for the appointment, she came into the office carrying her customary large carry-all and was accompanied by two other women professors, a senior co-ed and a male professor. Barbara opened our meeting by saying that I probably didn't know what my visitors represented. I responded that I loved them all but had no idea what they represented. Barbara enlightened me saying, "We are the remnants of your first Commission on the Status of Women at Dickinson, and we have come to express appreciation and to drink to your health." Whereupon Barbara opened her ever-present carry-all, withdrew a bottle of wine and the glasses necessary for carrying out the ceremony. At ten-thirty in the morning! I always appreciated Barbara's help, her independence of mind and her leadership in whatever she undertook.

The following, and to me memorable, incident took place several years before retirement. I had returned to the campus late one Sunday afternoon from several days of meetings in New York. I knew there was a concert scheduled in the Tuvin auditorium so I went there, knowing that Carol would be at the concert. As I

walked along the hall toward the music, I noticed two signs (I am sure there were more) announcing that President Rubendall would speak that night at 8:00 about a faculty tenure situation that had aroused many students. I had not been apprised of this so I hastened to find the president of the Student Senate, Richard Orr. I found him and asked, "Did you promise to deliver me?" Orr apologized for not calling me in New York to alert me. The issue was a hot one and moved fast. I assured him I would be there, but that he must be with me and open the meeting.

The social hall was crowded with students and some faculty, all sitting on the floor. Orr made some opening remarks and turned the meeting over to me. I tried to explain the tenure process. I labored on this and knew I wasn't getting much of a response from the student audience. But, as I was speaking, a student whose name I can't remember, entered and stood at the door, yelling some offensive remarks at me. Immediately, Professor Enrique Martínez-Vidal, a professor of Spanish, rose from the floor, faced the insulting student, drew back his clenched fist and said in his distinctive Spanish accent, "We will have civility in this meeting! If you do not apologize, I will punch you on the nose!" The student turned and fled. The audience roared with laughter and exploded in applause. The tone of the meeting changed dramatically and was soon over.

One morning, on arriving at the office, I was told that some black students wanted to see me. In those days blacks rarely walked the campus other than in groups so I asked, "How many?" and the answer was "all of them." This must have been an exaggeration, but when they arrived, chairs, windowsills and floor were used to accommodate them. After welcoming them, I asked the purpose of their visit. There were grievances, two above all. A black athlete, one of the most outstanding in recent years, had not been awarded by our athletic department the annual prize given to outstanding athletes. Furthermore, the house we had given to blacks for their headquarters for meetings and special performances had been shabbily furnished and generally neglected by our mainte-

nance department. I was convinced that the complaints were justified, later confirmed them and had matters corrected.

I must include one other incident involving Richard Orr, at this time finished with his responsibilities as president of the Student Senate. This incident occurred at the last faculty meeting of Richard's senior year. The faculty, with its usual student complement, was meeting in the morning in Memorial Hall to conclude the term-end business when the west door of the hall opened and in came Orr "streaking" in the nude in front of the faculty and disappearing through the east door. This, of course, was during the brief era of "streaking." We had some of it from time to time but never expected it to occur at a faculty meeting. When it came time in the order of business for the new president of the Student Senate, Katherine Bachman, to take the floor, Kathy included in her remarks a pledge that she would not "streak" before the faculty!

One of the great joys for me in my work was the substantial help the college and I received from my administrative cabinet. The last few years before retirement the cabinet was at its best. There was Arthur Platt, of course, the executive assistant to the president. I have written of his great help to me at Mount Hermon and Northfield, his pioneering work during our early days at Dickinson. He continued in great strength through the years. I don't think I have written before about one of his strengths. The faculty trusted Arthur. Many times the actions of the president aroused suspicions on the part of the faculty. This is one of the "burdens" carried by the person in that office. But the faculty trusted Arthur. Then there was John Woltjen, treasurer and business manager. He truly straightened us out in an area of administration that had been a problem of considerable consequence, as I have written, from the very beginning of my administration. John is now vice-president for financial affairs at Lehigh University.

Leonard Doran was director of public relations and fund raising. A Yankee with a Harvard education, he had had considerable experience in his field before we brought him to Dickinson. He put

order, purpose and much achievement into the affairs for which he was responsible. Then there was Paul Kaylor, chaplain of the college, but much more in his help to the administration. (I felt it was important, as a symbol of our college's philosophy, to have our chaplain in the president's cabinet.) Paul's greatest accomplishment, among many, was his indefatigable planning and masterminding starting two years in advance of our year-long celebration of the 200th anniversary of the founding of Dickinson College. With Paul's imagination, "class," and endless hours of work, we had a tremendous year of celebration in 1972-73. Paul is now an administrator with Sam Magill at Monmouth College. Our Dean of Educational Services (old title, Dean of Students) was one of the most helpful colleagues I ever had. That was Robert Barr. Barr's service to students and student affairs was outstanding. He was also one who understood the goals I was striving for at the college and shared them sincerely. Bob is now back at his old college, Swarthmore, where he is top administrator. George Allan, Dean of the College and a superior teacher-scholar (one of the best I have ever known), lifted the academic program to new heights. I am so enthusiastic about George as Dean that my heart overflows with gratitude. I'll write more about this PKB, Woodrow Wilson scholar, Union Seminary graduate and Yale Ph.D. He remains Dean and the academic program remains strong. With such a cabinet and with Sam Witwer, president of the Board, the college was ready for all challenges.

Among our happy experiences at Dickinson was our relationship with the United States Army War College. The college is the last formal educational step for young, able and promising, highly selected colonels and lieutenant colonels. From these students general officers are chosen. The War College is situated east of Carlisle on land that has been in government hands since the American Revolution. Before this installation was captured from the British it served as a western outpost for the British army. Perhaps the most widely known use of the post, among many, was during the days when it was the Carlisle Indian School. Wide publicity

was given to the Indian School by its outstanding Indian athletes, especially Jim Thorpe. The school was started sometime after the Civil War by an army officer with experience in our Indian fighting. The idea was to bring Indians from the plains to learn English and manual skills. The program continued until World War I when the school was closed mainly because male students entered the armed forces in large numbers.

It was interesting to visit the War College grounds. There were the gymnasium and athletic fields where Thorpe and his fellow athletes performed. It was moving to see a graveyard at one end of the property, rows of similar small gravestones. (There must have been an epidemic at one time to account for so many.) The stones were uniformly marked, noting the name of the Indian, the date of death, and the Indian tribe from which the deceased came.

The War College personnel whom we knew were in the main superior people. This judgment includes the commandants, their staffs and the students. Carol and I often appeared at the commandants' parties, especially when visiting guests were entertained. During the days of "student unrest" I found the War College personnel understanding and helpful. Whenever we wanted someone from the War College to help in an affair at Dickinson, they were always glad to help. The War College drew on several members of our faculty to offer courses in the College's program of studies.

I was personally pleased to give the commencement address at the War College one year. (The speaker the year before was another person with a Pennsylvania Dutch connection—General Dwight D. Eisenhower.) I had plenty of time to work on that address and developed the theme, *The Citizen Soldier*, presenting the liberal arts in that theme. There were many copies of the address called for. The War College handled their distribution. General Salet, Commandant at the time, called me one day from Washington where he had gone to another post. He had been invited to give the Commencement address at his alma mater, the University of Nevada. There was quite a bit of student protest there about having a general speak. Salet asked me if he might

quote liberally from my War College speech. He wanted to show his critics that he was not unfamiliar with the liberal arts! I was pleased to say, "Go ahead." It isn't often in my profession that one asks permission to use another's ideas!

During our closing weeks at Dickinson, the War College Commandant, General Smith, had a farewell party for the Rubendalls. The guests were members of the general's staff and their wives. It was a touching affair. Many nice things were said. Carol was presented with a replica of General Washington's camp cup used during the Revolution. I was presented with a plaque expressing appreciation. I have the plaque in my study in Naples next to the one I was given at the luncheon following my appearance as Commencement speaker. This latter plaque designates me as an Honorary Member of the Faculty of the United States Army War College! Our relationships with the War College were good ones during our Carlisle days.

And now back to the campus and more use of the word "jumble." One day, it was during the year 1969-70, I was called to the outer office where a young man was waiting to talk to me. I had never seen him before, and his appearance didn't overwhelm me. He needed a shave, wore old dungarees and a black leather jacket. He said he wanted to paint my portrait. This was startling, to say the least, until he explained why. He was a student majoring in art at the University of West Virginia and has just spent about four days on our campus with friends from Morgantown and some of their friends. He had, he said, a wonderful visit at Dickinson and he wanted to do something about it. He had found that the one thing his friends (I knew them) had in common was the president of their college, and this budding young artist wanted to paint the president's portrait. I was pleased, of course, but I told the young man that I couldn't take the time to do any "sitting." His response was that "sitting" wasn't necessary, that all he wanted from me was permission to go to the public library relations office and get some copies of photographs. This he did.

After that I didn't think much about it, but a few months later

his friends told me that the portrait was finished and the young artist, Bud Blasser, was bringing it to the campus the following Sunday. The students, the artist and the portrait were to come to our house after church. Carol and I have had some experience with portraits and were a bit apprehensive. We watched the group, carrying what was undoubtedly the portrait, moving across the campus to the house. In they came and unwrapped a large painting of the president, dressed in academic regalia, leaning on a podium in the act of speaking. The portrait was done in two colors—green and yellow. It was truly an effective piece. I am sure that Blasser, who later studied art in Philadelphia, is well beyond his green and yellow period. We hung the portrait on the wall of a garden room facing large windows. From time to time students would come by and look at the creation. Members of the art department praised it. It now hangs on a wall in our Naples apartment. Students have told me that the expression recorded was one that occurred when in convocation addresses I used the words: "Dickinson is neither a haven for the exposed nor an asylum for the depraved." I found that line in an old Mount Hermon catalogue of many years before my time. I never forgot it.

I have been fortunate in having top-notch secretaries over my administrative years. Though they were my personal secretaries, they were really executive secretaries. I write about one, Margaret Duncan Platt, who came to work for me at the Northfield Schools in 1955, I believe. She brought with her Bobby, a son by an early marriage, for whose education she felt responsible. Peggy came with me to Dickinson in 1961 and enrolled her son, who had just finished Mount Hermon. As a secretary both at Northfield and at Dickinson she was outstanding. She stayed the course with me at Dickinson. Peggy was a PBK graduate of Smith College. Over the years she took pride in making certain that anything that left our office was as perfect as possible. A letter that went out from the president's office could not be faulted in spacing, sentence structure or clarity of meaning. She was good at eliminating my Pennsylvania Dutchisms in many of my ways of saying things. Of course

we were good friends over the years, and when she married Arthur Platt, the two of them became and remain among our most cherished friends from years gone by.

The Carlisle Evening Sentinel, October 13, 1971, had a story with the headline: *Editor Hails Rubendall Concept in Education Magazine*. Here is a part of the story:

Tom Wicker, Associate Editor and columnist of *The New York Times*, writing in the September issue of *Change Magazine* about the great degree chase for college diplomas, refers to the educational concepts of Dickinson College president Howard L. Rubendall as the antidote to the inevitable elements of impersonality and routine found on a university campus. Wicker notes the community effort at Dickinson and, Dr. Rubendall, the only educator mentioned in the article, has the feeling that this ingredient has to be an integral part of a college today. "This sense of community," Dr. Rubendall said recently, "has developed in all phases of campus life. Obvious evidences are the steps already taken toward all-college governance. Students have spoken to me about their sense of a feeling of belonging here."

"Wicker's thesis is that the overwhelming rush toward higher education in recent years, if it is by no means over, is suddenly being questioned by those whom it had duped or disappointed. He speculates that the university may be forced to discover more innovative and creative means of spending money and this leads him to recount developments on the Dickinson campus. . . .

The story of the President's House, a landmark in Carlisle, has some interesting history. It was built in 1833 by Judge John Reed. Judge Reed began to take some Dickinson students into the house to read law with him. Soon Judge Reed was made the law professor at the college and there developed a law department at the college. This department, in 1890, became what we know today as the eminent, independent Dickinson School of Law. The law school, in its history, naturally traces its beginnings to what is now the President's House. In 1890 the then president of the college, George Edward Reed, became fed up with living in a section of East College, which for many years had been the president's resi-

dence. The college acquired the present house for the president at a cost of eight thousand dollars. The house at that time was much smaller than it is now. Milton Flower gave us his watercolor picture of the original house. It had charm. There have been many renovations, enlargements, and the outside appearance has changed. When I was a student, the house was completely encircled by a deep, dark porch, and the Allison Methodist Church on the corner of High and West hid the house. During our days we used the house for the entertaining of students, faculty, staff, trustees and friends. A long line of distinguished visitors were entertained—Nobel Prize winners, scientists, government figures, artists and liberal figures. The list includes Linus Pauling, W. H. Auden, Margaret Mead, Leonard Baskin, Justice Tom Clark, Senators Nelson and Javits, Tom Wicker, John D. Rockefeller III, James Reston and Nathan Pusey, then president of Harvard.

Among the most unusual guests were Linus Pauling and W. H. Auden. The incredible Pauling, double Nobel Laureate, stayed with his wife in the President's House for three days. He wasn't feeling good. Could it be that he forgot to take his Vitamin C? Pauling would stay in bed except for meals, drinks, and one lecture. He asked for mystery stories, and it was a memorable sight to see this world renowned scientist in bed supported by pillows, wearing a beret, surrounded by "whodunits" cluttering the bedspread. (He also wore his beret in the living room, swirling it around his head while he engaged in animated conversation.)

W. H. Auden, who along with Eliot and Frost, was one of the great poets of my generation, arrived at our door wearing bedroom slippers. His heavily wrinkled face was reflected in the wrinkles of his clothes. Auden seemed to enjoy his stay at Dickinson and agreed to return the next year to preach in our college church. When in informal conversation with John Bennett, then the president of Union Seminary, I told John that Auden was to preach for us in a few weeks, John was surprised. "We have been trying to get him to preach at Union for a number of years with no success," Bennett said. Again Auden arrived with his wrinkles and felt slip-

pers, and just so he stood before our congregation and preached simply and poetically out of his profound faith.

Among the memorable times at the house were the receptions for the freshmen and their parents at the opening of college in the fall. By actual count twelve to fourteen hundred people came through the receiving line in those days. We miss that experience with the self-conscious freshmen, the parents who are about to see with whom they are leaving their children, the not infrequent grandparents, brothers and sisters. I hope the college continues this old-fashioned custom of having the president and his wife welcome the new students and their families.

When we first arrived at Dickinson, certain people in the administration I inherited proposed that the President's House be given up, that he be housed some distance from the campus and that the house be razed to be replaced with a new college building. I was presented with this proposal for several years and, of course, always turned it down. Even in the days of student unrest we were glad that we were there in the midst of things. When my successor was coming in, we heard no mention of moving the president away from the campus. We must have proved a point. This house can play an important part in the life of our college. Furthermore, we feel this house is a part of the charm and history of Carlisle.

Our last weeks at Dickinson were marked with touching and graceful occasions. I have written of the magnificent orchestra and choral concert put on by Truman Bullard and Fred Petty. Among these occasions were a dinner by ODK and Wheel and Chain, a brunch by the Hillel Society, a testimonial dinner by our chapter of the AAUP, a lovely farewell affair by the Mary Dickinson Club where David Brubaker spoke. I'm sure I've forgotten one or two!

An unforgettable occasion was put on by the Greater Carlisle Chamber of Commerce. It was well attended by townspeople and members of the college community. Guests came from Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and beyond. Dr. and Mrs. Francis H. Horn came from Rhode Island, Dr. and Mrs. Morton Amsterdam and their daughter Joan from Bala Cynwyd, and Samuel Witwer from

Chicago. It could not have been the affair it was without the presence of Sam Witwer. The Chamber, with the help of Paul Kaylor arranged the program and the details. I was not consulted—this was their affair for us! David Brubaker was toastmaster. Witwer spoke in his characteristic and affectionate way. There were speeches by the president of the Chamber, the mayor, John Peters (I wish I had written about John and his help to me and the college), spoke, read a message from the Governor, and presented us with two large volumes of testimonial letters that had been collected over several months. Music was provided at appropriate occasions by a student barbershop quartet with Mary Glasspool singing tenor with the men. The quartet was called “Three Out of Four Ain’t Bad.” (I must mention that Mary, now an Episcopalian rector, has her own church in Boston.)

I include substantial parts of two speeches made that night because they cover so much of the Rubendall years at Dickinson, using “chapter and verse.” The first is by our esteemed Dean of the College, George Allan, a great administrator and philosopher with a sense of history. I have written earlier of my warm, respectful regard for George. Here are his thoughts on the occasion:

College presidents unfortunately, they will discover, have to write down their words. Thirteen years ago Howard Lane Rubendall was inaugurated as the 24th president of Dickinson College. In his response to those who had assembled to celebrate this new beginning he sounded themes deep rooted in the history of the college and yet still vital in this troubled year of ours, 1975. The themes he articulated were in fact implied in the charter of 1783 and have been heard ever since in inaugural speeches by Rubendall’s predecessors. Let me quote one, Charles Nisbet, Dickinson’s first president, who takes the occasion of an address to the students in 1786 to complain as usual about the weather in Carlisle and the consequences of foggy bottom lands upon his health. “The troubles and distresses of my family,” he then goes on to say, “and the pains I have endured both in body and mind since my arrival in this country I shall cheerfully forget if I shall be enabled to be subservient to the conducting of your studies and in the forming of your taste

and morals so that you may fulfill the hopes of your parents and prove useful citizens to your country." Now notice the three-fold reference. Nisbet hopes to encourage his young students first in their studies, second in their improvement in their taste and morals, so that the third, they might prove worthy citizens of what he elsewhere calls this new and rising empire in America: sound knowledge, moral judgment, responsible citizenship. These three-fold qualities have long been the aims of education here in the bottom lands of Carlisle.

Now if Charles Nisbet could forsake a much loved Scottish homeland and brave the fierce Atlantic to be their advocate, so likewise could Bud Rubendall forsake New England, adventure over the fierce waters of the Susquehanna to take up where Nisbet's successors had left off. In his address of October 28, 1961, Rubendall pledges his administration to a fresh study of the college curriculum. As with Nisbet before him, he makes sound learning the first order of business. The curriculum, Rubendall asserts, must be more than a market place display from which to purchase the ingredients of a diploma. It must be both a meeting place for intellectual dialogue and a laboratory for great ventures in ideas. Curriculum study at Dickinson will be directed not at experimentation but toward conserving and nurturing liberal arts, so that the freedom inherent in these arts may lead students into intellectual ventures not bound by courses and catalogues. Rubendall speaks of the knowledge of foreign cultures, the meeting of East and West, and in appreciation for what he calls the great, diverse, pluralistic flowering of life on the face of God's earth. In this vision of the college's ideal course of study, Rubendall thus invokes ancient wording with the needs of a rapidly changing world.

After further pledges concerning faculty compensation, long range planning for the physical development of the campus, Rubendall picks up the theme of academic freedom and justifies its necessity by appealing to a religious tradition which believes that all truth is God's truth, and that inquiry after knowledge must be pursued not only with diligence and critically, but with humility, devotion and reverence. Here Rubendall enunciates the theme of "community" which has since become familiar to every one of us as the theme of all his other utterances. Quoting Woodrow Wilson, Rubendall pledges himself to work "toward a college which is not only a body of studies, but a mode of association, a home for the

spirit of learning, where the gentle infection of friendliness and the life of the intellect is made a general contagion."

Clearly then, for Bud Rubendall, education draws its substance from a sense of common values and takes its direction from shared aspirations toward ideals worthy of the best in human beings. Sound learning requires the supporting virtues of moral insight and commitment. The fruit of learning and morality is found in the practical affairs of life, one's career and the tasks required by one's city and one's commonwealth. So Rubendall, in this first inaugural, is quick to draw the consequences of many pledges. Dickinson's responsibility for a free society is to meet freely and test all claims to truth unafraid, in order to provide one of the firmest guarantees of the freedoms for which our nation stands, the freedom the world needs. In the last moments of his inaugural he goes to appropriate heights of rhetorical flourish. "Dickinson was chartered and her purposes set by revolutionaries in revolutionary times. Benjamin Rush and John Dickinson set the early course of the college with sublime faith in education, the faith that instilling virtuous principle and liberal knowledge into the minds of the rising generation would secure the security and welfare of the new nation.

There is profundity in our gathering this evening, a symbolic profundity that has also pervaded all the other various festivities honoring the 24th administration of this ancient college in this frontier town. Perhaps we might take the college properly as a symbol of the first of the three virtues I have been discussing, education and the tradition of liberal learning. Recently Bud Rubendall was feted by the local chapter of the AAUP, a group devoted to the welfare of the academic profession and as fierce as any Atlantic storm that might have troubled Nisbet. Bud was, believe it or not, presented with a plaque expressing the chapter's gratitude for his efforts over the years to press the cause of institutional reforms and professional improvements which the AAUP endorses. And Bud, I challenge college presidents of this era, especially those who held office during both the turbulent 60s and this present time of economic retrenchment, to display any similar plaque.

Rubendall has also been honored by his students. He has been serenaded by candlelight and concert orchestra; he has been presented with a cake of wedding day proportions; and he is still able to command the highest price of the annual Peer auction with his offer to read a bedtime story to the highest bidder. If students

are an appropriate symbol for the values of human dignity and personal development which give meaning to the crest of their knowledge, then two of the three broad aims at Dickinson have thus received their proper celebration in these recent weeks. It finds itself truly warmed by the knowledge that its founding purpose, the promotion of virtuous principle and liberal knowledge, is once more a message of hope for a new, rising generation. Rubendall says these founding purposes: learning, virtue and citizenship, were messages of hope in an age of revolutionary change. Indeed, they once were, Bud; indeed, they now are. Indeed, God willing, they shall continue to be.

Whitfield Bell, '35, was the main speaker of the evening. He had been a superior and popular teacher at the college until a few years before my arrival at Dickinson. He left to teach at Yale and eventually moved to Philadelphia to take over the post of Librarian at the American Philosophical Society. (While I was chairman of the Rhodes Scholar Selection Committee for Pennsylvania, we met in the beautiful building of the Philosophical Society.) Here Whit had a position that allowed him time for research, writing and speaking. Whit served as an alumni trustee for a number of years, kept his associations with former faculty colleagues and, in retirement, has moved to Carlisle. He remains one of Dickinson's outstanding scholars. His address at the Chamber of Commerce dinner, most of which I will now record, expresses in objective terms much of what we tried to do at Dickinson.

Mr. Toastmaster, Bud and Carol, fellow alumni, citizens of Carlisle, I really have no claim of right to be here aside, of course, from general good will to Bud Rubendall and a grateful appreciation for what Dickinson has become in the last fourteen years. Most of my Dickinson friends, appalled or puzzled that I accepted your committee's invitation, have warned me that this is a particularly hazardous assignment. For all of that, however, it seemed to me that a historian has some qualifications for assessing past events, even those recently passed, and for guessing how the future may assess the present. What was it Dr. Wing called the historian? "A prophet who looks backward." Evidence of many kinds on Rubendall's presidency is in now. The outlines of those years are emerging and,

though judgments must be tentative as judgments should be, the impressions of this day may themselves have some interest and value for future historians of the college. One prefatory and parenthetical remark. One of Bud's friends and mine, probably by way of suggesting appropriate tone, reminded me that this affair was not a coronation. It had not occurred to me that it might be, and it is one of the glories of Bud Rubendall that it never occurred to him either.

On the contrary, on my part, this is an effort to remark on some of the things Bud Rubendall and his colleagues have done, with what help, against what odds, and a hint or two about the future. I had my own impressions, but not confident how accurate they might be, I compared them with those of others and sought additional information. The responses were expressed in no shallow, meaningless superlatives. They paid Bud the compliment of being thoughtful, using carefully phrased opinions with particulars. This confirmed one impression of mine—that college affairs and personalities can now be discussed rationally, without passion, with no interest in view but the college's.

In 1780, when it appeared that the American Revolution would soon end in favor of the rebels, Benjamin Franklin, Minister to France, made an inspired suggestion to General Washington. "Should peace arrive after another campaign or two and afford us a little leisure, I would be happy to see your excellency in Europe, and accompany you if my age and strength will permit, in visiting its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would on this side of the sea enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavoring to cast over living merit. Here you would know and enjoy what posterity would say of Washington where a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect as a thousand years. The feeble voice of those reveling passions cannot extend so far in time or in distance."

Now I cannot promise that schoolboys a thousand years from now will be lisping the name of Rubendall. I rather guess they won't. But where in the long roll of Dickinson's presidents will future historians place him? With Durbin one might think, for Durbin had a college to found as Rubendall had one to re-found. Yet their tasks were not alike. Durbin took possession of empty buildings that had once held the college and would again. Ruben-

dall came to a facility—I use the word advisedly—of bricks and bodies that wanted purpose, principle and pride. Or one might rank Rubendall with McCauley and Reed as a builder of buildings. Tome, Bosler, Denny and the old Gym are the achievement of these former presidents. But one may make a litany of the construction of the Rubendall years: Witwer, Malcolm, Bernard, Dana, Adams, Holland, McKenney and Spahr, fraternity quad, wildlife preserve, Mathers theatre, shop, factory and farm. Let me simply say then what appears to me. Bud Rubendall will be remembered for being and doing.

Dr. Rubendall could not have imagined when he accepted the presidency of Dickinson the situation he would find. After his first meeting with the Board Committee he wrote to Spahr that he sensed an air of extreme conservatism that might hamper an administration aiming to create an environment of free and open inquiry. The actual conditions must have startled him—so different were they from those prevailing in the colleges his best Mount Hermon graduates went to. So remote, too, from what would be tolerated or is even conceivable at Dickinson today. The college was under censure by the AAUP for its violation of generally accepted standards of academic freedom, tenure and due process. The Middle States Association had withheld re-accreditation pending the adoption of minimal academic and administrative reforms. The University Senate of the Methodist Church severely criticized the institution which some had regarded as the oldest, but not necessarily the most faithful, daughter of the church's concern for instruction.

Many trustees not only had little acquaintance with nor sympathy for ideals of higher education but appeared to regard the college principally as an instrument for advancing the temporal interest of the Methodist Church and its favorite sons. The faculty, though it included experienced teachers and productive scholars, had been allowed scant share in policy making, even of its own academic program. It lacked experience in these areas and had no obvious leaders or spokesmen to whom a new president could turn confidently for advice and help. Worse than this, the professionals were cynical and ashamed of the college, having been repeatedly deceived and condemned by presidents and trustees. They expected little from the new man in the choice of whom the Board, reading its authority narrowly, had not even pretended to seek their advice.

On top of all this, the selection had passed the wan hopes a few had cherished that at least the college might get a president with experience in colleges and the customary credentials of a working scholar.

Administrative procedures were not so much in disarray as unorganized and undirected. Academic and business officers employed methods that were hardly satisfactory when the college had 500 students and a budget of \$600,000 and were not at all adequate to 1500 students and a budget of several million.

Confronted practically on the day he arrived with a dozen problems of compelling urgency, ranging from the AAUP censure and the relations with the Methodist Church to fraternity fire traps, Rubendall called on the faculty and students for assistance and they, sensing that their best ideas would in fact be fairly considered by this administration, responded. The early Rubendall years were marked by a bewildering succession of proposals and experiments both social and academic. Not all succeeded and some were quickly abandoned. There was no neat pattern of progress, it seems to me, for recent college history offered few guides or firm foundations on which to build. But the college moved, sometimes lurching this way or that, sometimes falling back, but always moving, as one can see in the perspective of fifteen years, toward goals of greater freedom, shared responsibility, a healthier climate for life and learning. Seldom, if ever before, had the college been so much a part of American life, so responsive to the demands and opportunities of its age.

The Evening Sentinel one night last week paid tribute to Rubendall as the students' president. But the students loved him and that is no mean achievement. A normal, happy human being, he appeared to them as a sympathetic, outgoing elder brother who listened, never postured, and was not easily shocked or frightened. From the beginning he had to deal with a host of student problems: social rules, drinking, fraternities, chapel attendance, which had consumed time and emotions for years past. At the convocation of 1961 Rubendall made his personal attitude clear. "I think there must be some way to cut down the number of pages, twenty-three of them — on rules and their enforcement." This proved easier to say than do for each problem quickly became an issue which divided the Dickinson constituency one way or another. Not only might students and faculty disagree among themselves, but always

in the background and often in the battle line were the fraternity alumni, the churchmen, citizens of Carlisle, actual and prospective benefactors whose views could not be ignored. He acted in the conviction which he expressed soon after reaching Carlisle, that we can arrive in time at the place where there is in our college community a condition of honor that will eliminate jobs and titles of student social regulations generally while maintaining the larger disciplines that are ultimately the self-disciplines that become a free man. In the end the problems were solved, or at least removed from center stage. The college is no longer "in loco parentis" and all parties have more time if they want it to get on with education.

The final achievement by the college of independence from the local church was a stimulus to a serious, academic, responsible approach to religious questions by students and faculty alike. These were difficult changes to effect, and it could not always have been clear to Rubendall and others that his policies would prevail. The fact that he was himself a fraternity member blunted the passionate defense by some alumni of the old fraternity systems. The attacks of the churchmen on his determination to make and keep the college independent might have been more savage and longer sustained had this not been the policy of a fellow clergyman. In the long debates over academic freedom no one could bring a charge of "fellow-traveling" against a man who carried so many credentials of the Establishment as did Rubendall.

If the characterization of Rubendall as the students' president implies that he was not also the faculty's, I will reject it. To be sure, no president is ever a hero to a faculty of clever, articulate men who are certain they know more. They certainly know more Sanskrit and microbiology than any president or dean. At Dickinson, when Rubendall arrived, most faculty members felt keenly the AAUP censure and the Middle States withholding of accreditation. Within three years these problems were solved. In 1963 the faculty committee on censure could declare that its duties were now shifting to the less difficult one of keeping the faculty abreast of current practices in the academic community. In these and other reforms the faculty played a large part, and so did Rubendall, who, as the record shows, had to persuade and convince and reassure members of the Board at every step.

At the opening of the college year, 1964, Rubendall had reason for hope in speaking of a new Dickinson. To the faculty who knew

the old Dickinson, it was indeed a new one. Old departments were strengthened and new ones established: Music, Geology, Religion, Fine Arts, Philosophy among others. Imaginative programs were inaugurated: the urban semester, the Bologna Center, a course in computer science. Salaries were raised, professional attitude and tone began to characterize professors and these were encouraged. Faculty were given a deciding voice in organizing their curriculum and selecting their colleagues. Needless to say, this was heady stuff to men and women who were accustomed to small academic beer. On the whole, during the 60s the college became a community of learning and the faculty free, responsible, and respected as never before.

I believe we should not omit to give Rubendall and his colleagues on the Board and faculty credit for several things they did not do. They were not tempted into an unreasonable increase in enrollment or into offering graduate work. They applied for federal funds, to be sure, and got them, but chiefly for self-liquidating projects. No significant educational program and few faculty were dependent for long on grants the college could not control. Nor did Bud and the faculty from vocal groups of the moment institutionalize responses. One thinks of Black Studies, which might quickly lose its popular appeal and become a scholarly embarrassment.

When one considers the changes and improvements that Rubendall encouraged and made and led at Dickinson, one is struck by a special quality of his. A reasonable confidence of the soundness of his and other's best aspirations for the college and in the means by which they could be realized. He knew what he wanted the college to be and stand for, though this was not always what others wanted. He worked toward those goals by diplomacy, gentle persistence, persuasion and example, and made no fuss about it. Not even the excesses and silliness of the SDS could make him lose perspective. He was in personal touch with their leaders, he told the Board, and assured the trustees in a magnificent, bland statement that these young people were not communists or Stalinists but a group of interested and concerned humanists who were intrigued by the philosophy of the early Marx.

A few years ago, sharing the deepest concerns of students and faculty about war and race, he stood with them in their public protests, calmed their anger, directed them into orderly and effective ways. Even the police department complimented the student group

on its orderliness in picketing Governor Wallace's headquarters in 1968! Town and college both have reason to be grateful that at Dickinson no professor was abused or shouted down, no offices were sacked or buildings destroyed, no young people killed, as happened on other campuses. I am not suggesting that these tragedies would have happened if Rubendall had not been here, only that with him on the ground moving tirelessly among the students, his house and office open to them day and night, listening, questioning, talking in that friendly understanding way of his, tragedy could not happen here.

Those who know the college better than I, which is to say Bud and Carol Rubendall, most of the faculty and Board of Trustees, many of the alumni, and a good many in this room tonight, would shade this sketch differently, adding a detail here, brushing out an encomium there. Yet these judgements or something like them will, I believe, often be echoed in those that others may express hereafter. If Franklin's assurance to Washington was sound, some of what I have said is likely to be what posterity also will say of Rubendall a hundred years from now: That his years among us were a time of productive, generous-minded, memorable service to the college and to us all.

In the recounting of our Dickinson years, I feel I must include the dedication in the *Microcosm*, the college yearbook, our last year. It is in the form of a letter:

Dear Bud,

Well, my friend, we have been together a good many years. We have kept you pretty busy, haven't we? Think how many gray limestone walls were raised across the campus with your help—walls forming those first and lasting impressions of Dickinson College. Almost single-handedly you held together the students and the whole college community on Declare Day and during those particular disturbing times. As a mediator between faculty and administration, you have become a master of diplomacy. Your presence and charisma reigned at more affairs, ceremonies, meetings, and fund-raising dinners than any one person could imagine. Ah, just think, if you had a nickel for every hand you shook as President of Dickinson College!

How many colleges can boast of such a personable president, available, open and receptive to students, faculty and administration alike? Warmly received as freshmen and proudly sent off at graduation, students had four years to learn how dedicated you were to all the integral working parts of this community. Happily told stories of your own student days at Dickinson further reflected the place Dickinson holds in your life.

How does one thank a man who for fourteen years gave so much of himself? Words just do not paint the proper picture of what you have been to us, what you have given us, and what you will remain in our hearts. From those Dickinsonians who have had the fortune to be here during your years, we say oft-used but heartfelt "thank you" and "God bless you, Howard L. Rubendall."

I bring to a close these reminiscences of our years at Dickinson. As I have said earlier, most of what I have written is from memory, except those speeches and other items identified as the words of others. I am glad I used one of the archaic definitions of "rhapsody"—a jumble. This made it more fun for the writer. Of course there are the names of many people, helpful people, not included: students, faculty, trustees, alumni to whom we are grateful. I have not said "thank you" often enough. The fourteen years were to us rich and memorable. We left the college, according to the record, a better institution than the one we found in 1961. Dickinson, over its more than two hundred years, is a significant institution for the total education of young people.

In 1973 the faculty of the college wrote and performed a play entitled *1773* as part of our 200th anniversary celebration. The play depicted incidents in the long history of the college. I was given a cameo part in the play. I represented myself as a freshman student in 1927 looking out at the campus and saying, "This is a grand, old college." It remains a grand, old college.

Sojourns on Cape Cod
or
"Forty Miles at Sea"

CAROL AND I went to Cape Cod for the first time in June, 1945, at the end of our first academic year at Mount Hermon. Jack Baldwin, who knew Orleans well, found us a two-week rental on the Beach Road. We had one room but, except for sleeping, used it very little. We went out for meals and hastened to the beach every day, spending almost all day there. We were delighted with the Cape, especially the Orleans beach. (Carol had been to the Cape before when, as a girl, she lived in Middleboro.) We returned to the Cape each summer after that first visit, taking the girls with us and staying in rental places. Except for days when I went fishing off Chatham with Arthur Gregorian, we always seemed to find our way to Nauset Beach (Orleans) or to the Coast Guard Beach. Orleans remained our favorite spot, and we began looking for a place of our own.

Finally, in the summer of 1953, we found what to us was the ideal spot. It was a point of land at the northern end of Tonset Road, surrounded on three sides by the waters of the Orleans inlet, looking over the inlet, the Eastham marshes and the huge dunes of the Atlantic. We, of course, could see the Atlantic and the mag-

nificent sunrises coming over the ocean. On the land we purchased (about three acres) there was an old, weatherbeaten cottage and a roomy "garage." There was a tennis court, very ancient and unused for years, grown up with small trees, bushes and vigorous weeds. Over our early years on that point we improved the cottage considerably, fixed up the grounds and, with the help of our neighbors, Dr. and Mrs. Thurston Powell, restored the tennis court. (We found that under all the growth the tennis court had an excellent clay base!) Others helped in the restoration, especially friends of Linda and Suzanne.

Linda and Suzanne spent the summers of their early years on the Cape. There was much social life for the girls. They improved their swimming, learned how to sail and to water ski. Much later, Suzanne built a lovely summer cottage on the land north of the tennis court. All of us played tennis, did a lot of fishing and boating. For a time I had four lobster pots and was fairly successful in bringing in lobsters (from just in front of our house). Carol was superb in fishing from our boat, also at gathering clams and mussels, again from just in front of our house. I did quite a bit of casting for striped bass and can tell a number of good fish stories! Some of my best fishing was off Chatham with Arthur Gregorian. How we caught fish! Bass, school tuna, plaice and flounder. We seemed to be able to bring home more fish than we would possibly need. We buried the excess in Arthur's garden. What a garden he had!

In 1978, after twenty-five years, we sold half the Point, including the cottage and barn. We now go to Suzanne's cottage which is on the remaining half of the property, including the tennis court. What a charming spot and spectacular view! We can take just a few steps and we are in the water gathering cherrystones and mussels. This latter activity is one of Carol's specialties. She's a barefoot clam treader-outer!

But before I continue my reminiscences about Cape Cod, I must make an important digression. In the summer of 1936, between my middle and senior years at Union Seminary, I took a summer

parish job in the village church in West Dover, Vermont. The congregation included some town folk and a number of "summer people" living in elegant summer homes in the hills not far from the village. In those days it was a true village with a narrow dirt road parallel to a small brook named Blue Brook. The village consisted of the white clapboard church, a small, one-room school and the village store which also housed the one-mail-a-day post office. There was a scattering of houses along the village road. The Sunday church services (the church held no services in the winter) were simple and the people were patient with me as I "preached" my seminary learning which was over the heads of most in attendance, as well as over mine! Carol played the organ, an old-fashioned, foot-pedal affair. Since Carol was a cellist and had not spent time on the piano in her training, we were limited in the hymns that could be played. I was expected to make calls, handle a Sunday evening young people's group as well as care for the Sunday morning service. The compensation consisted of room and board for the two of us in a nearby farmhouse and ten dollars a week pay. I was instructed to take the collection after the service, count it and report to the church treasurer. He would make up the difference between the collection and \$10.00. Occasionally, when a certain summer person was in attendance, the collection would go over ten dollars. I would return the overage to the treasurer. That didn't happen very often! Usually, on Monday morning I would go into the village store, dump a handful of coins on the counter and change them for bills.

We loved West Dover, high in this then undeveloped Green Mountain area. Toward the end of the summer of 1936 we acquired, with the generous help of one of the "summer people," a dear friend from Boston, a small house on the village street and agreed to come back as pastor for a second summer. We had found friends among the Vermonters and among the "summer people." The latter were mainly from old Boston families and to us they were very special people. The current generation of these families (our age), some of whom still find their way to the hills above West

Dover, remain friends to this day. Among our near neighbors (across the brook and up the hill) with whom we spent much time and had stimulating fun were the Winstons, Harry and Lydia. This wonderful family who came from Birmingham, Michigan, became our dear friends. Lydia, a woman of extraordinary artistic talent and background, has become perhaps the outstanding collector of Futurist art in the country. A few years ago the Guggenheim presented a special showing of Lydia's collection. A recent issue of *House and Garden* (October 1986) has a great story of Lydia's collection and collecting. The title of the article is "At Home with the Future."

I must speak of the Uptons, Clyde and Helen, who ran the village store and post office. They lived over the store, two doors down the road from us. Clyde and I spent many hours trout fishing in the wonderful brooks that tumbled down those Green Mountain hills. On occasion Carol and Helen joined us in the early evening when we fished for "bullheads" in a nearby pond. Clyde never allowed his modest responsibilities to interfere with his fishing. It is sad that those wild hills have been changed dramatically and the brooks have lost their natural bounty. In recent years there has been developed in those hills the large Mount Snow ski and recreational area, and on Stratton Mountain, one of our favorite spots, there has been developed a great and popular center for tennis, golf and skiing. Now people come by the thousands where we were always in the pursuit of the wily trout.

We spent some time each summer in West Dover, even though after 1945 we also spent some summertime on the Cape. The Cape seemed to draw us more and more. Finally we sold our cottage in Vermont so we could spend more time on Cape Cod. This decision was prompted in part by a respiratory problem that Suzanne had as a little girl. Medical advice was such that she spent as much time as possible in salt air. It worked!

"Forty Miles at Sea," the subtitle of this section, needs some explaining. Many years before our day, before the construction of the magnificent Cape Cod Canal, it was assumed that the Cape began

its intrusion into the briny waters of Cape Cod Bay at about Middleboro. From Middleboro to our outer Cape is about forty miles as the crow flies. Our weather often differs from the weather farther inland, and we are apt to use the expression "forty miles at sea" to account for the difference. Of course one of the problems with this theory is that although Carol spent many of her early years in Middleboro no one would call her a native Cape Codder. A Yankee, yes, but we still remain "sojourners" on the Cape.

It is impossible for me to evoke the poetic phrases that could describe the constant though changing beauty that surrounded us on "the point" (Weeset Point is the more proper name). From spring through fall there is added to the spectacular view of sea, marsh and dune an incredible display of blossoms, flowers and flower-bearing bushes. Here are the ones I can recall: morning glory, blue sailor, forsythia, rose rugosa, beach plum, blue hydrangea, rhododendron, syringa, bittersweet, thistle, bayberry, daisy, goldenrod, sunflower, Queen Anne's Lace, holly, dusty miller, honeysuckle, privet, sea lavender. It has always seemed to me that flowers with a shorter season than those of the same species growing in longer, more southern seasons have colors a bit more brilliant. I first noticed this in Vermont. This thought probably has no scientific basis.

Bird-watching has been one of our most captivating activities on Weeset Point. I started bird-watching most seriously the summer of 1956 when I was recuperating from an operation and had plenty of time to sit and watch! The Point is ideal for this "activity," shore birds, land birds, migratory birds and permanent residents. Here is my list compiled over the years: herring gull, great black-backed gull, laughing gull, Napoleon gull, common tern, least tern, mourning dove, kingfisher, duck, cormorant, great blue heron, green heron, flicker, woodpecker, kingbird, snowy egret, black-crowned night heron, bob white, pheasant, ruddy turnstone, oyster catcher, sanderling, black-billed plover, willet, swallow crow, starling, redwinged blackbird, black bird, Baltimore oriole, cardinal, goldfinch, sparrow, song sparrow, Canada goose. I men-

tion the Canada geese last because they are so impressive in feeding and flight. Sometimes these geese would fly by the cottage so low that they seemed to fly lower than the eaves. We spent some falls on the Cape after the bird-hunting season started. It was a delight to note that the Canada geese noted, too, that the season was on. No more low flying, but flights so high the birds could barely be seen. They had learned.

We have been so fortunate in our neighbors and friends on Cape Cod. The Powells, Turk and Jimmie, have been friends and fellow adventurers from the beginning of our life on Weeset Point. We have done so many things together—tennis, boating, fishing, weddings, and just visiting. They have been so helpful in many, many ways. We called on Dr. Powell's medical skills too often. Then there are the Warren Johnsons, who with the Powells are our nearest neighbors. The Johnsons are year around residents, helpful both winter and summer. (Mrs. Johnson died since I first wrote these words.) Other nearby Weeset Point dwellers and good neighbors are Eleanor and Buck Rogers, now at the University of Georgia, the Steven Greens, who constructed (almost all by themselves) a lovely house overlooking Wood's Cove, and delightful newcomers from Boston, Nick and Jean Nichols, who restored an old house, grounds and outbuildings on one of the most charming sites on the Point or anywhere.

Beyond our immediate area, but yet in Orleans, are the Beilbys, of whom I wrote in the Albany account of my story. How we will miss George, who died too young! George was an important part of our Cape life in so many ways. We are grateful that Esther remains in Orleans. Then, among our later friends, so helpful and kind, are Bill and Emma Salter. Here is a Dickinson connection. The Salters' daughter, Margery, and son-in-law Bruce Andrews, professor of political science at Dickinson, are among our most favorite people in Carlisle. Beyond Orleans are a number of long-time friends, now Cape Codders. There are Bill and Georgia Park. It was Bill, who as president of the Northfield Schools, brought me to Mount Hermon and nobly supported my work there. I have

written as warmly as I could about Georgia in the section on The Hill School. There are Jack and Alice Baldwin from The Hill and Mount Hermon days, as well as Ned and Dorothy Meany. I am glad that Jerry and Mary Jane Burdick continue to spend their summers in Chatham. The widows of our two Mount Hermon chaplains about whom I have written, Barbara Buchanan and Hilda Whyte, are Cape Codders. And, of course, there are Arthur and Phebe Gregorian, who still spend time on Cape Cod. They are among our dearest friends, as this record shows.

One of the nicest things that has occurred to us recently was the establishment of the Howard L. Rubendall Fellowship for Superior Teaching at the Northfield Mount Hermon School. Arthur Gregorian gave the leadership to this act and was the largest contributor. Here is the story told in the spring issue of the NMH Capital Campaign report:

Howard (Bud) Rubendall emerges from the remembrances of students, teachers and friends as a prodigious man. "He has a large mind with a voice and frame to match," says one former student. "He was a god-like figure with a presence that made it easy to revere him," says another.

Rubendall was headmaster of Mount Hermon from 1944 to 1959 and president of The Northfield Schools from 1955 to 1961. When he left the Schools, he became president of his alma mater, Dickinson College.

Arthur T. Gregorian, '32, is offering NMH a \$50,000 challenge that will establish the Howard L. Rubendall Faculty Fellowship. The fellowship will recognize a member of the faculty for excellence in teaching.

Gregorian, an NMH trustee during the 1960s, was active in alumni affairs during Rubendall's years at Mount Hermon. He became a close personal friend and admirer. The Rubendalls' children, Linda '56, and Suzanne '61, attended the Schools with the Gregorians' Lynda '56 and John '60. Both became grandparents—to J. Scott Gregorian '86; Katherine Ballard '85 and Cara Ballard '87, daughters of Suzanne Rubendall Ballard . . .

Sherif Nada '61, also a generous donor to the Rubendall Fellowship, is chairing the drive to meet the Gregorian challenge. Sherif's

family first met Rubendall in Egypt when Rubendall was director of physical education at the American University in Cairo and Sherif's father had the same position at the Cairo YMCA. Years later, when the political situation in Egypt became explosive, the elder Nada called on his friend to enroll Sherif as a Mount Hermon student. Sherif had to leave his home with no money but was helped by the Rubendalls and a scholarship to the School.

Nada, who had a strong command of swimming technique but little of the English language, credits Rubendall with the opportunity to change his life. Today Nada is a successful investment banker, an NMH trustee . . . "In 1959 Bud listened to my potential, not my achievements," says Nada.

Unsworth was a senior when Rubendall came to Mount Hermon. "He really liked and cared about the students," recalls Unsworth. "He gave me my diploma when I was flat on my back in the infirmary with pneumonia. My mother was there and Bud had a special ceremony for us." Unsworth recalls, "There are lots of pictures of Rubendall that pop into my head. In the chapel he spoke with the forthrightness that commanded the respect of the students. He wasn't afraid to present a challenge, but always in a positive way. He was firm, but fair in disciplinary matters, never arbitrary. He had a large sense of humor and moral earnestness that was sensed by all those who knew him . . ."

The Rubendall Fellowship will recognize the kind of excellence in teaching that the headmaster pursued while honoring a man who was one of the strongest leaders in the history of the Schools.

The first Fellowship was awarded at the opening convocation of NMH in September 1986 to Glenn Vandervliet, who was a top-notch student during my headmastership, now a highly respected member of the faculty and a productive scholar. Personally, I couldn't have been more pleased. Because of my travel limitations, Carol and I couldn't be on hand for the occasion, but the family was represented by our superb granddaughter, Cara, of the Class of 1987. All reports tell of the charming way she played her part!

There couldn't have been a happier event for Carol and me than that arranged by our daughters, Linda Fletcher and Suzanne Faudon, to celebrate our fifty years of marriage. Though our wedding date is in April, July was the the best time for our daughters

and friends to get together. The date was July 25, 1985. Linda in Nashville and Suzanne in Lyons, France planned lists, invitations, program, participants, place and menu for a gathering of Cape Cod friends, some going back to Hill School days. Our daughters did all this with grace and style. They engaged the historic Captain Linnell House. It was a luncheon affair out of respect for the age of most of the guests who did not want to drive at night, I am sure. Since the Captain Linnell House serves only dinner to their regular customers, the place was all ours for the celebration. Jack Baldwin served as toastmaster and he performed with class and skill. We gathered at our tables following much pre-luncheon visiting. Jack took over, Bill Park gave the invocation. Linda and Suzanne spoke warmly and graciously. Then came statements from our guests, most written ahead of time. These statements evoked memories of the past that so many of us had shared. Those who had written their memories and sentiments gave us their copies for savoring later.

I will include one of these reminiscences, written by Phebe Gregorian with her apologies to Longfellow:

TO THE GREAT CHIEF AND HIS PRINCESS

Should you ask me what I think of
When you mention Bud and Carol—
Bud the Great Chief, strong and kindly
Carol Princess and Companion
She the helping partner
In all things they did together—
I would answer, I would tell you
That I think of things too many
To be put into these verses.
First I think of when we knew them
On the Hill that's called Mount Hermon,
Living in their stately "cottage"
Looking down upon the chapel

And the playing fields of Hermon
Spread above the flowing river
Where one Sacred Concert week-end
When the call of Spring, though pagan,
Led some young braves to betake them
To raft-riding on the river
Where the current flowed so swiftly
That they beached upon an island
And were brought back, drenched and
shame-faced
To meet wrath and condemnation.
But the Great Chief in his wisdom
Told them simply, firmly, kindly
To get dressed and go sing praises
With their less audacious classmates—
Adding he would meet them later
For a further conversation
About rafting on the river
In exhilarating springtime.
I would speak about the college
And the summons that it sent him
To return whence he had gone forth
As a graduate some years earlier
To return and be their Great Chief.
I would speak of how we watched them
As they placed upon his shoulders
Dickinsonian power and honor
As their Presidential leader.
I would speak of how they loved them
Both the Great Chief and his Princess
How they built to show them honor
A great building for the music
Carol made, the Chief applauded.

I would further tell of travels,
Journeys that we made together
To Iran and land of Afghans,
India—at war with neighbor,
Where we stayed within our hostel
Eating daily minestrone
Drinking Drambuie while hearing
Not so far off, moonlight bombings.
I would speak of Carol guiding
The greatplane that finally took us
On to Bangkok, landed smoothly
By the Lady Pilot, sipping
Birthday champagne in the cockpit.
I would speak, too, of our travels
To the fjords and the mountains
And the rainy days in Bergen
Of the fountains and the flowers
In the gardens of Great Peter.
And the summers, oh, the summers
Here on Cape Cod's sands and waters,
Of the lobsters and the picnics,
And the endless days of fishing
Which restored health to the Great Chief
And his partner in hard work.
Of each day securing fishes,
Gleaming tuna, bass and flounder
To be stuffed into small freezers,
Used next day to lure more fishes.
But I now must end this speaking
Which could flow on like the river,
Like the tides upon the beaches,
Like the torrents over rock falls.

Let the final words be simple,
Let us tell you that we love you,
Wish for you more years together,
Hope that we may share them with you
In perhaps more quiet ventures
Which will yet demand more verses.

With the account of the celebration of our 50th wedding anniversary I bring to a close our story of Cape Cod. We are so glad that it is a story that has not ended and that there will be more quiet ventures with family, dear friends, and the abundant bounties of glorious Cape Cod.

Retirement in Naples
or
Life along the
Gulf of Mexico

THE RITE OF PASSAGE into retirement years for the Rubendalls was easy. We had “discovered” Naples in March 1948 when driving on our first trip to Florida from the home of friends in Largo to visit relatives of Carol in Miami. We were coming into Naples, a place on the map which meant nothing to us, when we saw a sign reading: “Welcome to Naples — 1000-foot Fishing Pier.” This we had to see. The pier (destroyed in hurricane Donna and replaced by the Norris family) intrigued us, and the little town of Naples caught our fancy—we wanted to come back. Later I wrote to the Chamber of Commerce of Naples and asked about accommodations for the following March. The old hotel two blocks up from the pier was recommended. We came to Naples the next spring vacation. The nineteenth-century hotel, no longer in existence, was an elegant clapboard building with an elegant clientele. This was “class” in service, appointments, food and guests. It was owned and operated by the corporation that later built the current Naples Beach Club. Some of the long-time guests at our hotel sneered at the “nouveau riche” Beach Club, and

though we had full privileges there, a number of the "old timers" never darkened its door.

From 1949 on we spent most spring vacations in Naples at our original hotel, later the Beach Club, and once at a small cottage near the beach. What a joy it was to get out of the New England March mud and be on the sunny beaches of Naples! The trip in the early days was not an easy one—two-lane highways, through city streets and small town main streets. But in the southern towns we met the flowering trees and bushes of spring!

During our brief stays in Naples we came to know a number of other "northern" visitors to the charms of this spot. We were rarely alone (unless we wanted to be) on the beaches and on interesting trips in the area. Occasionally we went fishing with friends. The most notable fishing trip was in March 1956, when there were six of us on a tarpon fishing foray. Preston Sawyer was our boatman and guide. We were in a good spot for tarpon, but the only person to hook securely one of these great game fish was Carol who, after fighting the fish for many, many minutes, was able to bring it alongside where Preston gaffed it and brought it aboard. Several times during the long struggle Carol urged me to take the rod from her, but I refused. The next day her hands, arms and shoulders were stiff and sore. Her tarpon weighed 65 pounds. We have some good pictures of that fish (and Carol)!

Those early days in Naples rarely evoked thoughts of retirement. When we did think of it, we usually said we wouldn't retire to Florida. We had some romantic ideas about places to retire, places we had visited overseas. But as the years went by, Florida, specifically Naples, came to the fore of our thinking. At the end of an alumni trip to the east coast of the great peninsula, we decided to take a short vacation at the Beach Club in Naples. This was in 1974. We took time to look for a place. We found a new, small condominium to our liking at the Continental Club and purchased it. Carol and Linda moved some furnishings into the condominium and settled things so it would be ready for us in the fall of 1975.

Those early days as Neapolitans were fun—we found friends, had a pleasant social life and became involved in activities that added substance to our days. Carol became involved in musical activities, became a member of a new and ambitious orchestra called the Neapolitan Pops, played with small ensembles in church and other places, but most importantly, played her cello in a newly started string quartet with two able violinists and a young, promising viola player. When, later, we moved to our present and larger condominium, the quartet practiced in our living room. This all-Naples quartet was the first in town. The practice sessions reminded me of the instrumental sessions Carol had in the President's House at Dickinson where from time to time young string musicians would gather and make music.

While at the Continental Club Carol served on the board of directors. There both of us learned something about the operation of condominiums which proved useful later. At our present abode, Gulfside, I served on the board and was president for a term. With the help of some strong directors we were able to reorganize the operation so that it became more effective. Great help and leadership was given to our financial affairs by director John Graflund, a master in money matters.

I must write rhapsodically about one of my long held beliefs—the importance of the volunteer. The volunteer has had a unique influence on American life and history. Down through the years the volunteer, giving time, money and talent, has influenced and given character to our American way of life: hospitals, humane societies, the Red Cross, agencies for the handicapped and the helpless of all ages and conditions, organizations for civic benefit, “inner city” programs, settlement houses and problems of housing. This list could be expanded. America would not be the society we love without the volunteer. No other country in the world has this abundance of beneficences.

The volunteer as described here is not an original American idea. It goes back to our Biblical heritage. So many have said over so many years in many different ways that each man is, after all,

his brother's keeper. To the question in Genesis, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—the answer in American life has been a resounding "Yes!"

In retirement we are given more of an opportunity than ever before for volunteer work. As a matter of fact, the retiree who doesn't become involved in volunteer work wastes talent, worsens his disposition, and is more of a nuisance to a mate who has shared the busy years. Even golf alone doesn't help! Furthermore, the retiree's community is the poorer from the absence of what the retiree could contribute to the community's well being. Naples, with a high percentage of retirees with talent, wealth and the desire to help, is extremely fortunate. There are so many beneficial and life-enriching organizations that are vigorous because of retirees joining with the non-retiree citizens of good will. I'll name no more than a few of these organizations: Hospital, Conservancy, Youth Haven, Depot, Garden Club, Immokalee programs, the Humane Society. There are dozens more. The people involved, and I am privileged to know more than a few, are dedicated, talented and generous. In my experience, the volunteer gives Naples a special character.

As I have written, Carol early became involved in volunteer work through her music until arthritis caused her to give up cello playing. I moved in several areas but soon became associated with Southwest Heritage, a group of superb people raising money to buy the old Naples Depot to establish a cultural-civic center for the area. Weimer Hicks, a friend from earlier days in education, enlisted me for this work. Weimer was the dynamo who led us and drove us in the fund raising for the Depot. I will write about Weimer and Jeannie Hicks later, but I must say something here about Weimer's fund-raising talents. Over many years of associating with fund raisers, I have never known anyone in this field with the skills and leadership of Weimer Hicks. He knew how to challenge us, organize us, and make us work. Because of Weimer alone, our campaign for funds for the Depot was extraordinarily successful. The Depot is now a real cultural and civic center for the whole Naples

area heavily used year after year by a great variety of groups. The building is tastefully restored, cared for, and has a sound financial basis. I continue to remain on the board and have served as the board's president for several years. This has been volunteer work most gratifying.

Originally I had not planned to write about our years in Naples, but I am glad now that I changed my mind. An important part of our retirement lives revolves around our relationships with people. Here in our condominium, Gulfside, we have found good, interesting and helpful friends among our fellow residents. I would like to write a bit about them, but I will confine myself to mentioning, with deep appreciation, Kit Sipe, who lent me the excellent typewriter I am using for these reminiscences. I must mention the staff of Gulfside among whom (the ones who work during our waking hours!) are people of great kindness, helpfulness, and who seem to care. Then there is Lynn Vickers, who has been coming to us at least once a week for many years to clean us up, straighten us out, and give us a lift in our spirits with her spirit.

Though there are others beyond Gulfside who mean much to us, I will confine myself to writing about two special couples. Earlier I mentioned Weimer and Jeannie Hicks. It is sad that Weimer died about a year ago. Jeannie continues to maintain their home, plays golf ardently, works for the Humane Society, and serves on the Depot Board. Over the years we saw much of each other in our homes and traveled together on two notable trips—one to Scandinavia and Russia, the other to the Red Sea, Jordan and Egypt. What fun we had! On the Red Sea trip I was beginning to notice the effects of my deteriorating physical condition in my back and legs. Weimer was of great help to me in managing steps and other difficult situations. One time, back in Naples, Carol was worried when I planned to go to a Depot Board meeting. I told her that Weimer was going to pick me up and bring me home. Carol's response: "Then I won't worry."

Weimer and I had much in common in our professional backgrounds. Weimer graduated from Peddie School, Princeton, and

did graduate work at Cornell. He taught at Peddie for a number of years and then became headmaster of Wayland Academy. A few years later he was elected to the presidency of Kalamazoo College where he had a distinguished career and from which he retired. In our lighter moments, and we had many of them, we would point out that we were the only two men we knew who went from headmasterships to college presidencies. We would add that if there were others we don't want to know about them. We wanted to maintain this status of distinction! One year Weimer was voted Naples's "Man of the Year." No one could have been of more help to our town. His creative and helpful work went far beyond the Depot. Weimer was the epitome of the volunteer, one who gladly gave talent and leadership to make Naples a truly first-class city.

Guy and Dorothea Dodge are our closest friends in Naples. We first met at the home of Bob and Sue Bartlett. The Bartletts, genuine Yankees, still return to their colonial home in Plymouth, Massachusetts. We found in the Dodges when we first met and on many occasions from then on an abundance of common interests. We phone frequently and are often together in our homes. Though I have worked with many scholars over the years, Guy is the one true scholar with whom I have had such a long and regular association. He graduated from what is now Case-Western Reserve University summa cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa. Guy earned an M.A. and a Ph.D. at Harvard, receiving his doctorate in political theory in 1942. He was a member of the faculty of Brown University from 1941 to 1976. Over the years he received many honors and distinctions, published scholarly works, the most recent during retirement. For twelve years he was chairman of the Political Science Department at Brown. Guy still pursues his scholarly interests. Almost daily he goes to our library in Naples and frequently to the library in Sarasota. Both Guy and Dorothea do volunteer work in Naples. Dorothea, for years a teacher at Lincoln School, a private girls school in Providence, works at the Bargain Box, our church store for collectibles and items given to the store by thoughtful people, and, most importantly, she works at a recently

established health center in downtown Naples for the elderly and financially disabled sick people. Guy continues to do volunteer work at the hospital. Both have other activities including the Naples Orchid Society. Fine folk and firm friends are the Dodges. While writing the above I thought of an eighteenth-century hymn, the third verse:

“We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.”!

It has been the people with whom we are privileged to associate that make our life in Naples stimulating and rewarding. But we learned this truth long before we came to Naples. The rite of passage was not hard for us.

An Ending

IT HAS BEEN A DELIGHT to write these rhapsodic reminiscences. I have overlooked much, I know. But a reader will get the flavor and some of the substances of the story of Carol and Bud Rubendall's years. I have not named all the people, including students, who have been so helpful to us. One emotion permeates these recollections, and that is gratitude.

But above all one direction was there through the years. This direction was unspoken most of the time. It was not even acknowledged many times. But it was there. My work and activities, in spite of so many errors and much neglect, were pointed in the direction of the glory of God. The words of the old catechism say it for all of us: "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever."

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